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The Saturday Review

of Literature

VOL. XVI NO. 24

FALL BOOKS

OCTOBER 9, 1937

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"A novel of quality, pointed, pertinent and unusually well done."
—New York Times

Lenore Marshall's

HALL OF MIRRORS

"Adroit and original . . . Miss Marshall has an extraordinary command of technique and a remarkable gift for energizing one's imagination."—CHARLOTTE BECKER, BUFFALO TIMES.

"This second novel establishes her in the position the critics gave when her first was published. As a study of shifting integrities and loyalties, HALL OF MIRRORS is an absorbing book. Hers is a civilized and mature mind, skilled in the art of eliminating the unimportant."—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE. $2.50

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John Drinkwater's

ROBINSON OF ENGLAND

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$2.50

"I do not believe Miss Stern has ever done a more brilliant piece of work."—Herschel Brickell

G. B. Stern's

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"It is that rare find, a 'light' novel which gains its buoyancy, not by sacrifice of content, but by its spirit and its skilful presentation."—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. "By far the best of her novels. It has the charm of THE CONSTANT NYMPH, the sophistication of SOUTH WIND."—CHICAGO NEWS. $2.50

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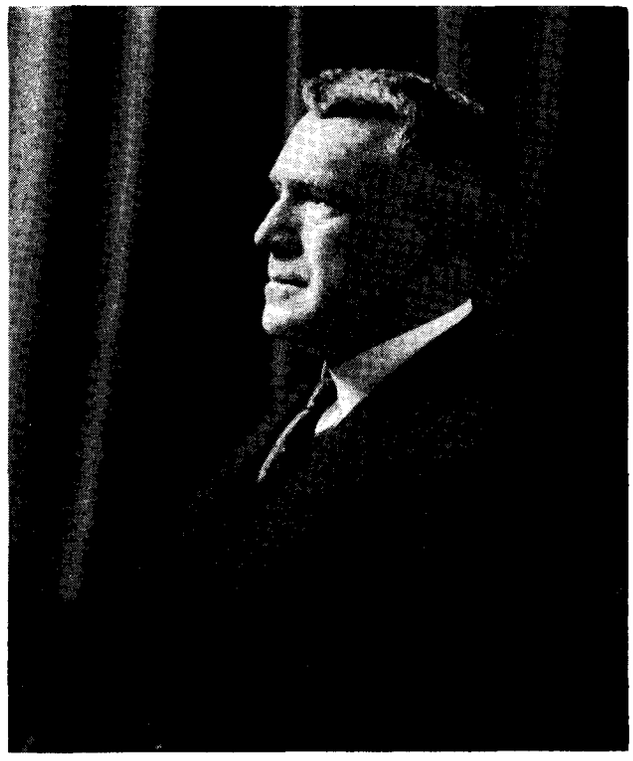
Writing for Money

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THERE are two classes of writers who do not write for *The Saturday Evening Post:* those who have independent means or make satisfactory incomes from their other writing, and those who can't make the grade. Many of the former and practically all of the latter try to write for the *Post.* It is edited by almost morbidly discreet men, but if you catch one in a confidential moment you will hear some fascinating tales. You will also get a pretty comprehensive list of our leading novelists, and of the short-story writers that excite Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's emotions, who more or less regularly try to sell something to the *Post.* Few of their offerings sell. The *Post* is eager to get good stories and would be glad to publish the work of those who denounce it most vehemently in the little magazines—if only it were publishable. It is commonly unpublishable for a simple reason: the leading novelists and Mr. O'Brien's arty souls condescend both to the audience and to the literary medium. They try to "toss off a story for the *Post*" and they assume that to be phony is to be popular. So the editors send back the tossed-off story, an editorial on literary prostitution promptly appears in a literary forum, and the aspiring young are warned by the rejected that there is something despicable in writing for money.



GEORGE HORACE LORIMER
No magazine can be held responsible for what happens between installments.

"Writing for money" has come to mean writing fiction for the "slicks," for magazines which have circulations of a million or more and so can pay high for contributions. That specialization of meaning gratifies the connoisseur of literary ideas. You are, let us say, Mr. Robert Sherwood. You shake together some noble and sentimental claptrap, some 3.2% ethical ideas, and some of the sure-fire melodrama that war handily provides, and, with the expert technique that is the first requirement for a *Post* writer, you shape the blend into "Idiot's Delight," which promptly makes you a fortune. Just as promptly the truly literary will decide that you are a good deal of an artist. But Mr. Hergesheimer's "Quiet Cities" and Mr. Beer's stories about Mrs. Egg, which had a much higher intellectual quotient and much more genuine emotions, and which fell far short of making a fortune, were "writing for money" and so had no claim on the admiration of the literary. Moral for the aspiring young: to live on cake without consuming your principal, write for the stage.

The aspiring no less than the humble must grapple with economic problems when writing fiction. If a novelist writes one sell-out, an "Anthony Adverse" or a "Gone With the Wind," he need have no further financial worries as long as he lives. If he can count on publishing a best-seller, say a "Drums Along the Mohawk," every two or three years, he may likewise live on cake and support his distant relatives. No one can count on writing a sell-out, however, and no serious novelist can count on regularly writing best-sellers. Far otherwise. An average first novel earns between three and five hundred dollars in royalties; it is an unusually successful one that earns up to a thousand. Usually, a second novel makes rather less than the first but, if the author's skill and reputation progress satisfactorily, a third one may earn as much as fifteen hundred dollars. A successful fourth novel may make twenty-five hundred, and from then on, so long as the novelist's skill holds and he gets all possible breaks, he may count on five thousand dollars or more from every novel he publishes.

This is a rose-colored summary, of course, and applies only to exceptional careers. Very few novels make as much as ten thousand dollars in royalties alone, and dozens of well-known novelists, including many of the best, average less than twenty-five hundred. It takes from six months to two years to write a novel, and neither the Guggenheim Foundation nor admiring relatives will continue their subsidies forever. The income of a novelist will not ordinarily enable him to maintain a home and rear a family. Till 1948, therefore, when the literary left will bring Utopia in, he must either get a job and write novels in his spare time, or devote his spare time to writing for the slicks.

A slick serial can be written in from one to three months, and will sell for from five to fifty thousand dollars or even more. A slick short story can be written in from three days to a month, and will bring from five hundred to two thousand dollars or even more. Once established, a slick writer can easily make ten thousand dollars a year in his spare time—I know of one who averaged that much while carrying a full-time schedule as a college teacher and conducting another full-time career as well. The general practitioner who writes only the kind of stories that most amuse him and devotes himself to the more adult and intelligent parts of the field is limited to

Next Week

APES, MEN AND MORONS
By EARNEST A. HOOTON
Reviewed by Ivan T. Sanderson

THE AMERICAN WOMAN
By ERNEST R. GROVES
Reviewed by Katharine Anthony

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a maximum of about twenty thousand a year. The merchandisers, writers who produce a standard brand of trade goods which the customers ask for by name, range from twenty to fifty thousand dollars a year, and there are a good many of them. To make more than that you have to be a very special kind of writer, but if you are that kind the ceiling is very high. I have no statistics but I imagine that there must be twenty slick writers who make more than fifty thousand a year and at least a half-dozen who can count on more than a hundred thousand dollars year after year from their magazine sales alone. Though not on a parity with the income of even a middle-flight movie actor, that is respectable money.

What the moral implications of these facts are, I do not know. The professional implications, however, arise from a single fact: that writing for the slicks is a branch of the amusement business. People read the magazines primarily for entertainment. There are other important reasons, too —they read to have their ideas confirmed and their emotions ratified, to have their phantasy life stimulated, and to increase their knowledge of the minor sanctions and rituals of society —but first of all they want to be amused. It is a harmless desire.

It necessarily follows that, though they may like to be threatened or thrilled, they do not like to be scared; that, though they may enjoy a seasoning of horror, they must not be appalled or disgusted; that, though they may play with ideas, they will not wrestle with them. Satire flourishes in the slicks, but it is satire of manners. Few themes or subjects are tabooed but every subject must be treated in such a way that basic fears, disgusts, and prejudices are not roused. The "unhappy ending," the sole criterion of art when the *Dial* still lived, is a commonplace in the slicks but genuine tragedy would be as out of place there as a chorus from "Antigone" interpolated between innings at a baseball game. People do not read the slicks to encounter the brutalities, the profundities, or the complexities of experience. That fact, not the timidity or hypocrisy of editors, determines the nature of magazine fiction.

The treatment is everything. Thus it was once believed by *Post* writers that Mr. Lorimer's one unshakable taboo was miscegenation, but Mr. Charles Brackett succeeded in violating it. His story was laid in France (in general, the greatest risks had better be taken on alien soil or in earlier times) and the color in the hero's ancestry was an ambiguity that the heedless would not perceive. Homosexuality can exist in the slicks only as an indirect allusion. Illicit love must be carefully handled. It must be explained by an overwhelming weight of sympathetic circumstance, it must be proved sincere by tribulation, or it must be proved empty and unprofitable in the end —and it must be subordinated to the element of "story," of rapid action developing out of situation. Fornication may not occur in the immediate scene, and the safest usage is indicated by a remark attributed to Mr. Lorimer, that no magazine could be held responsible for what happened between installments. Violence of all kinds must be handled with the same care. So long as it enhances the element of story, so long as it is used merely to heighten a more permissible effect, it is not forbidden. There are stories which deal with murder, with accident and catastrophe, with lynching, but they use such subjects in support of themes or situations which appeal to the reader's sympathies. Similarly, personal failure, suffering, and death are common enough in the slicks but the process which employs them is aimed at confirming the reader's ideas or stirring in him phantasies much more agreeable.

In short the magazine story does not and cannot explore the profundities of human experience, probe psychological intricacies, or describe life brutally or cynically. It is frequently thoughtful, pessimistic, or satirical, it is sometimes extremely unflattering to human nature and human belief, but it must be so in pursuit of an agreeable end or in vindication of a more optimistic ideal. It is only rarely intellectual, and its ideas are seldom weighty. It works with simple emotions and, except for heroism and fortitude and honesty and similar primary virtues, it works with them superficially. And it uses any theme primarily as material for the creation and resolution of a situation. "In this office," an editor once remarked, "a story is defined as a narrative in which something happens." That is the complete definition of the slick story, and when it is understood everything else is clear. The slick writer is a story-writer.

(*Continued on page* 20)

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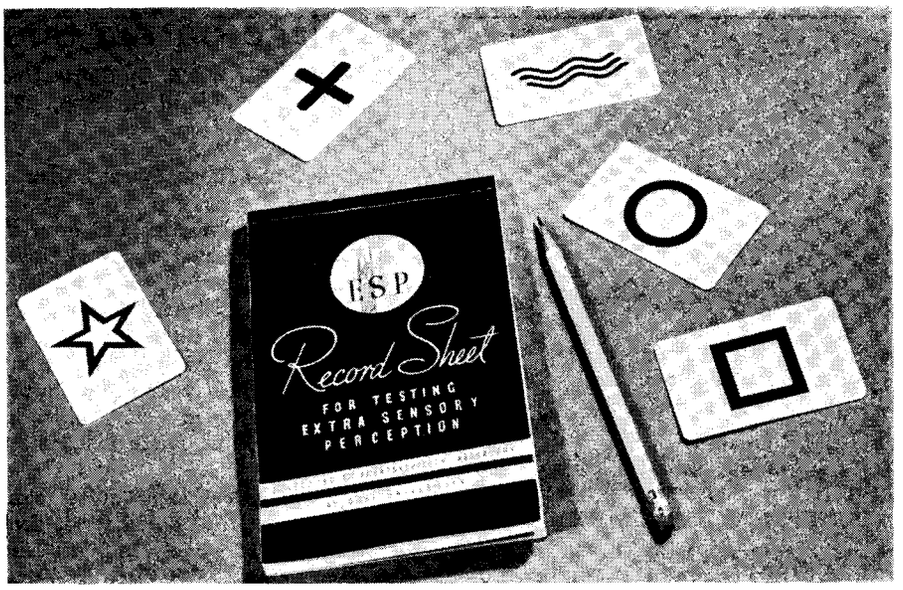

"ESP" TEST CARDS AND SCORE PAD

Is Sense Necessary?

NEW FRONTIERS OF THE MIND. By J. B. Rhine. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by B. F. SKINNER

THE subject that Professor Rhine has recently placed under investigation is neither new nor strange. The men and women who have testified to the existence of telepathy and clairvoyance must easily outnumber the witnesses of the Black Plague, even though there has remained a difference in validation much in favor of the plague. It is to Professor Rhine's credit that he has taken a disputed subject matter out of the realm of casual observation and anecdote into the experimental laboratory. "Truth," he says, "must be established . . . upon actual experimentation, critically and deliberately conducted, which yields results that leave only one possible interpretation." To what extent has he been able to live up to this standard?

In one of the commonest experimental procedures in the Duke laboratories a pack of cards, five of each of five suits, is thoroughly shuffled, cut, and placed before a subject face down. Without touching the cards the subject calls the order in which they are arranged. Since no other person knows the order of the cards when called, this procedure is designed to show clairvoyance; when, instead, the subject calls a card thought of by another person, the procedure is intended to show telepathy.

Professor Rhine claims that many subjects are consistently able to call correctly more than the one card out of every five demanded in the long run by chance. Exceptionally high scores out of twenty-five calls, and a few perfect scores, are reported. The probability that they could be due to chance is remote. Some subjects do equally well when the cards are in another building or even 250 miles away. One out of every four or five people is said to show some power of this sort, and there are no differences in clairvoyant and telepathic ability.

There are a number of alternatives to be disposed of before we are forced to accept a "psychic" explanation of these phenomena, and here we are able to estimate Professor Rhine's success in experimental control. One hypothesis to be tried is that of self-deception. It would not be difficult to give a post-hypnotic suggestion under the influence of which an experimenter would *see on the card* any design that might be called, and a self-induced trance state could produce the same effect. Whenever only one person checks a score, a few of these misreadings could yield the excess obtained above chance. In many of Professor Rhine's experiments this explanation is ruled out, but it is still a valid possibility for others.

Again, there is the objection that he has not correctly represented the chance expectations. A number of papers have already been published in this problem.* I can give here only one example of the objections raised. Contrary to much statistical doctrine Professor Rhine is willing to accept data based upon eight runs of twenty-five cards, and he frequently cites single runs as significant. Thus, he says that a subject was *immediately* affected by a distressing telephone call, which seems to mean that the next single run gave a low score. Much of the other criticism of his mathematics is beside the point, as it usually does not pretend to question his outstanding cases. Here again, however, we must discount a certain portion of his results. It is doubtful whether he has the right to speak of a "minute flash" of clairvoyance.

Other examples could be added of partial hypotheses, other than that of extra-sensory perception, applicable to some experiments. If Dr. Rhine had eliminated every case within the reach of at least one of them, his book would have been much less impressive. He seems to assume that because clairvoyance or telepathy can be demonstrated when a given hypothesis has been ruled out, the hypothesis cannot be valid under other circumstances. Whether or not there is enough material left to sustain Dr. Rhine's case, one comes away from his account with the feeling that, much as he believes in the necessity for rigor, he is not always willing to insist upon it.

Dissatisfaction with the controls is increased by the long list of conditions with which he finds it necessary to surround his experiments. Extra-sensory perception is a "delicate and subtle capacity" something like the creation of poetry in its instability. The experimenter must be "friendly, almost fraternal" and the experiments "casual and informal." The situation must appeal to the subject; he must not be reluctant or feel hurried. There must be a spirit of play; a mone-

* See, for example, a paper by C. E. Kellogg, of McGill University, in the October, 1937, *Scientific Monthly*.

PROFESSOR RHINE (RIGHT) CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT

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tary reward is destructive. Strong emotions, illness, fatigue, over-intellectual analysis, or pre-formed beliefs may interfere. And so on.

Many of these conditions, one suspects, must have entered first as *ad hoc* explanations of failures. Some of them remain that. It is true that the phenomena *may* be thus seriously constrained, but this only adds to Dr. Rhine's burden of proof. It is too easy to regard his conditions as a list of alibis, not only for himself, but for the failure of other investigators who attempt to confirm him.

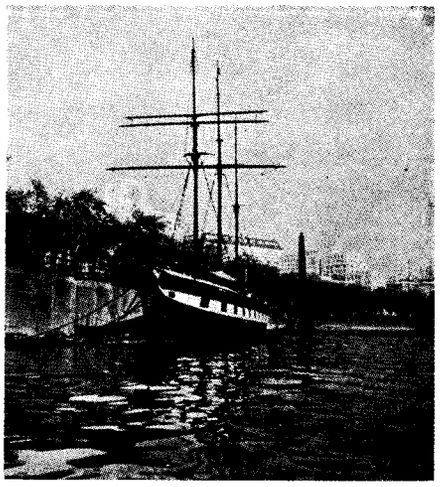
Two conditions are especially discouraging in this way, even if they are also genuine. One is the difficulty that his subjects experience in working before strange, especially unsympathetic, witnesses. Professor Rhine has apparently refused to demonstrate his work before accredited scientists, insisting that they should try the experiments themselves. The other condition is that a subject may utilize extra-sensory perception only when he is trying to do so. If this is a genuine restriction, it conflicts with most of the anecdotal material.

Professor Rhine's claim of confirmation in other laboratories is weak. One research "showed something beyond chance," another was "on the whole" successful. The only detailed confirmation he cites is with one subject who averaged 5.6 hits out of every twenty-five in a long series. On the other hand his statement that three experiments that failed were conducted "with the least regard for the Duke procedure" is, if I recognize the references, unfair.

One other matter disturbing to anyone anxious to see this matter settled experimentally is Rhine's obvious bias in favor of what he finds. He is torn between his desire for rigor and his patent belief that stories of psychic phenomena contain a measure of truth. He is willing to let anecdotes set the tone of the book. Throughout the book his zeal is evident. "This narrative," he says frankly, "will carry more conviction if it is factual and restrained, and yet there were moments in our researches when it was impossible not to be deeply stirred by the almost incredible nature of what was happening." The result is that Professor Rhine is always very close to presupposing what he undertakes to prove, and his account is thereby seriously weakened for the critical reader.

When a supposed fact is so prodigiously at odds with established knowledge as extra-sensory perception, the proof required is proportionately great. Those who are ready to believe in these matters will relish the data that Professor Rhine offers. The skeptic will find that his minimal requirements of proof have hardly been approached.

B. F. Skinner, of the department of psychology, University of Minnesota, has published a study of Gertrude Stein in relation to automatic writing. *See page 40 for biographical note on J. B. Rhine.*



THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

Afloat in England

THAMES PORTRAIT. By E. Arnot Robertson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THIS book is an account of a journey down the Thames in a small boat from the reaches where, because the upper Thames overflows its banks every spring, the country is empty and wild, past Oxford and Windsor and even London to the sea. That is the journey the reader makes with Miss Robertson, who will be remembered for her novels "Ordinary Families" and "Four Frightened People" as an original and witty writer, and who shows these qualities even more strongly as a traveling companion than as a novelist. It is true that she is insistent on her dislike of "feudalism," no matter whether the feudalism takes the form of ordering travelers off some unused land, or the form of Windsor and Oxford. Toward all the architectural monuments of the Thames Valley, indeed, her attitude reminds one of that character in some French book who announced proudly "You will see, Rome will leave me cold." "Just so," said his admiring wife afterward. "Rome left him cold." But a few disagreements with one's guide enliven the voyage, and Miss Robertson is always wholly delicious in her appreciation of the pleasantness of the people everywhere and the skill of the Thames bargemen.

The voyage is also made in the company of Miss Robertson's husband, Mr. Turner, who has not much to say, but who is well represented by half a hundred lovely photographs he has taken. Altogether the pleasantest of holiday trips. Dr. Johnson said once "If I had no duties, and no reference to posterity, I should spend my life driving rapidly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be an intelligent woman, able to contribute to the conversation." Drifting down the Thames with an agreeable woman would not be bad, either, and here is the next thing to doing it.

Marriage on the Spot

THE FAITHFUL WIFE. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

THE general reader and even the particular reader of Sigrid Undset may consider "The Faithful Wife" a "quiet" book. And indeed this, in one sense, is true. The novel is not sensational, avoids the crises of melodrama, which are perfectly possible to its plot, and concentrates upon a story which has as much to do with choice and taste as with incident.

I do not consider it a "quiet" story, with or without the quotes, for it deals, and deals most effectively, in Sigrid Undset's own manner, with three or four of the most interesting and most perplexing problems in human relationships. The story of the married couple involved, which is the theme of the book, dips very deeply into the following perplexities:

1. A marriage in which the husband, thanks to the greater success in life of his wife, develops a sense of inferiority which kills his love and leads him to seek compensation.

2. The situation of the man of middle age who falls deeply and sincerely in love with a woman much younger than himself and much younger than his wife.

3. The problem for the wife who discovers that her husband is unfaithful to her, understands some of the reasons, and yet emotionally and imaginatively cannot accept it without warping her personality.

4. A generation reaching maturity that has been brought up on radical social and sexual ideas, and finds that they are not working.

5. The perplexity of a wife who faces the problem of taking back a husband after he has led a life apart from her and become in many ways a changed man.

I am well aware that this list of topics sounds like a work on marriage and divorce, but Sigrid Undset should be sufficiently well known to prevent the reader of this review from running into any such false conclusion. This is a novel with a rich Scandinavian background, human, penetrating, and neither didactic nor argumentative. It is a family story in which not only are very interesting people made interesting, but also their life, summer and winter, country and city. Beyond and behind the intense drama of marriage and divorce, is this realized Scandinavian existence, which in itself, as with Undset's historical novels, is worth the price of admission. But the wife's emotional problems, which might be any wife's anywhere, keep this book from being, like too many American regional novels, a study in description and behaviorism.

See page 40 for biographical note on Sigrid Undset.

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Fountain of Fire

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN AND HIS LETTERS. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THERE are some men who, though their works may not for long outlast them in the public knowledge, leave an indelible impress on the minds of their fellows. Such, it would seem, was John Jay Chapman, who when he died in 1933 at the age of seventy-one left behind him some twenty-five volumes of whose very existence the majority of his countrymen are unaware, and the memory among his friends of a personality that was a force for noble living.

Born in New York of affluent parents into a world whose gates swung wide to a descendant of the first Chief Justice of the United States, with a mind whose natural liveliness was developed by all that St. Paul's School and Harvard had to offer, and with a native charm of manner enhanced by the polish acquired through travel and association with the cultured and the influential, Chapman entered on manhood as one favored of the gods. He was brilliant, versatile, gay, with an impetuous intensity that in youth led him to thrust his hand into the fire (it was so badly burnt that it had to be amputated) to expiate an act of violence, and in age still flared into denunciation of Siegfried Sassoon before an audience gathered to do him honor; and he was at the same time deeply religious, as passionate in his affections as he was unsparing in his disapprobation. He loved greatly, first Minna Timmins, a woman so like him in the impulsiveness and fire of her nature that it was a miracle that their marriage turned out supremely happy instead of a failure, and after her untimely death a second wife, Elizabeth Chanler, who had been Minna's friend and whose tenderness and understanding pulled him out of the despondency of loss and brought fulfillment to his maturity. With his talents, his charm, his abounding vitality and ebullience of spirit, the penetration of his mind and the quickness of his interests, he won friends wherever he went, and won them among those who could feed the eagerness of his culture.

Mr. Howe is the ideal biographer, for he has chosen from a wealth of letters and a volume of reminiscences material which reveals the man in the glow of his personality and supplemented it with commentary of his own which fills out biographical detail and weaves disjointed correspondence into a chronological whole. The book is long, too long to hold the reader who had no personal acquaintance with its subject to a steady reading, but for Chapman's friends it will doubtless contain no word too much and to the general public offers excellent browsing. For it is a book which presents wise and juicy comment on literature and living (the sort of comment that went into Mr. Chapman's volumes of essays on life and letters), that recounts valiant battles in the political arena, pictures persons of note in their habits as they lived, is profound and gay and unbridled and doughty, the outpouring of an unquenchable spirit in the generous informality of intimate correspondence.

Mr. Chapman was a friend of William James ("You talk like an angel, Jack Chapman," said the latter) and an acquaintance of Josiah Royce. He cherished and was cherished by Norton and Palmer and others of the Harvard circle of their day, he made friends of writers and politicians and statesmen in this country and in Europe, he knew and disliked and distrusted Theodore Roosevelt and knew and admired and disliked President Wilson, was graduated from Harvard and fulminated against it, hated the Catholics and at one time proclaimed the Jews above all other people, though afterwards he professed dislike of them, and resorted to the columns of the *Ku Klux Kourier* to denounce them both. He was passionately pro-Ally from the outbreak of the war and, devoted father though he was, thought his son Victor's life well lost for the cause of France, but before his death looked upon the postwar world and felt it betrayed. A man of magnificent enthusiasms and unsparing oppositions, of ferocious (the adjective is his biographer's) intensity of feeling, he poured out letters which are the distillation of a unique personality. Mr. Howe has done well by him.

Napoleon's Hour

SO GREAT A MAN. By David Pilgrim. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

MR. PILGRIM, whose book is the latest recruit to the ranks of this season's historical fiction, understands exactly the difficulties and the duties of his position. With patent honesty and with a clear-headed acceptance of the limits, factual and imaginative, that his materials impose upon him, he has undertaken to recreate ten months of Napoleon's life, and by the careful exploitation of those ten months to give to his readers a fully developed, essentially complete portrait of the Emperor himself and an authoritatively correct insight into the policies and the personal relationships that were directing, or interfering with, his career. At first, Mr. Pilgrim's skill is not equal to his aspiration. He is minutely accurate, painstakingly complete; fact piles up upon fact, scene follows scene in listless monotony. The historian has not fused with the novelist; there is no magic to give vitality to these effigies masquerading under illustrious names.

From the jacket of "So Great a Man."

And then quite suddenly, but not until the hundredth page is well past, Fouché calls upon Madame Walewska, and the effigies cease to be dummies. After that scene, one by one they come alive. The steady stream of facts continues, the carefully reported conservations culled from the memoirs and journals of the period are still there, but they are all revivified. The atmosphere is electric with genuine forebodings. The novelist and the historian are at ease with each other, and their story runs on, exciting, turbulent, stunning in its fabulous grandeur.

The ten months, so cannily chosen to exhibit the whole of Napoleon, run from March 1808 to January 1809. The Emperor is at the height of his glory. No serious reverses have thus far marred the steady parade of his triumphs. But the Spanish adventure is just beginning, and with it the seeds of dissolution begin to germinate. At Erfurt, in spite of the most imperial display, diplomacy fails to win the elusive Alexander. The Austrian legions are mobilizing, and Spain is a chaos of mismanaged operations. At home Talleyrand is giving full vent to his genius for treachery, and Fouché is nimbly straddling a slippery fence. But it is still Napoleon's hour. The strength and the will may no longer have their old resilience, but they are still more than a match for his enemies. Into these ten months is packed the fruit of all that had gone before, and in them lies the germ of all that is to come. Mr. Pilgrim is not so intent on the present as to forget the past or to be deaf to the future. He leaves us with his hero straining towards the magnificence of Wagram but we are not unaware of an impending Leipzig.

See page 40 for biographical note on David Pilgrim.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Grammarian's Funeral

YEARS ago when the world was fragrant and we were an instructor in English at a distant university we published our first novel. Only microscopy could determine whether the world at large or our colleagues in the good life had the smaller interest in that event, though future historians will use it to date the renascence of American literature, but we were already too old in sorrow to expect anything from either the world or the faculty. But after the novel had been out for a couple of months the one great scholar of the university summoned us to his office and began to praise our style. We wrote well, he said, we wrote beautifully, we wrote with an exquisite feeling for the subtlety, the splendor, and the power of the English tongue. "Why," Professor Curme said, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, "I have counted them and there are no less than eight split infinitives in your book!"

Since we play only by ear we cannot honestly say that we split those infinitives with an engineer's precision and a poet's joy, but from that day on no denunciation of our inelegance has troubled us much. We continue to split infinitives when they sound best split, though usually we are not aware of having split one till the letters begin to come in. We could refer our disparagers to the elegant Mr. Fowler who, in "Modern English Usage," declares that it is better to split an infinitive than to be either awkward or ambiguous. But we like to refer them to Professor Curme, who puts the matter more to our taste. "The much censured split infinitive," he says, "is an improvement of English expression. It first appeared in the fourteenth century and has since been gradually gaining favor as it has been better understood. At present it is widely used by our best writers, who feel its advantages. It is avoided by many, especially our minor writers, who here follow the instructions of their school-teachers." That's telling them.

Mr. Wilson Follett, whose article on logic and the sentence we were discussing last week, weakens his case when he says that a lot of people write to him whenever he uses a preposition to end a sentence with. He claims those people as allies in his crusade for good writing, but a little more reflection would lead him to disown them. We once heard Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland read aloud from a best-seller in the presence of its author. He came to a sentence which ran something like this: "She pulled her skirt down and pulled up her stockings." Copey stopped reading, pushed his glasses high on his forehead, and moaned, "Walter, why didn't you say, 'She pulled her skirt down and her stockings up'?" Walter righteously answered, "Why, Copey, I wouldn't end a sentence with a preposition." We felt then that Walter, though he was following the instructions of his school-teachers, had a lot to learn about prepositions and about style. So have the people who write to Mr. Follett—and to us.

There is a flaw in the syntax of the sentence that ends the paragraph above. Mr. Follett will probably not object to it but a lot of our correspondents must. And, doubtless, many will. Mr. Follett will probably object to that last sentence. Our correspondents will say that it is an independent clause which properly belongs with the sentence preceding it, but he will say that it has no proper subject and that the predicate is not complete. We say, however, that it is sanctioned by the strictest grammarians because both the subject and the rest of the predicate are "understood," and, forsaking the defensive, we assert that the sentence is O.K. [perfectly all right, to you] because whether or not the grammarians sanction it, it is immediately clear to everyone who reads it. Which is all that good sense requires. With *that* sentence Mr. Follett rolls in agony on the floor and a thousand quills are sharpening across America to confirm his judgment that anyone who would write it must be an anarchist.

Our correspondents who follow the instructions of their school-teachers too conscientiously end by preferring correct grammar to clear, idiomatic, and graceful writing. This is especially true of those who insist that every pronoun must have a specific antecedent and that the elided parts of verbs must be filled out when the tense forms differ. Thus the rules require the first word of our last sentence to be followed by a noun which makes its reference specific. But the sentence is quite as clear as [it would be] if it began "this statement," "this observation," or, as the pedantic horribly write it, "this situation." No one can possibly mistake the reference of "this" [;] so the sentence as first written satisfies all the demands that logic can make of it and avoids the awkwardness that follows when you insert the noun. The awkwardness would be slight here but in some cases it is considerable, and in those cases sound judgment will prefer elision to correctness. Good writers always have preferred it and always will.

Grammar says, and our censorious correspondents say, that the last sentence above is also faulty. The "understood" portion of the last verb, you see, would have to differ in form from the preceding "expressed" verb. The sentence as written implies ". . . and always will preferred it," which [qy.: antecedent?] would be nonsense. Of course it would [be (nonsense)]. But the sentence as written is not nonsense. No one could possibly misunderstand it. Since it cannot be misunderstood and since it is less pompous than the grammatical sentence, it is the better of the two. Be clear, be simple, be graceful, and let who will be right.

Most of our correspondents, however, object not to our grammar but to our vulgarity. The "lousy" we heaved into this chaste page three weeks ago is still bringing in letters, and the occasional "hells" which the managing editor inserts to liven up our copy are a benefaction to the postal revenues. We are reproached for saying "isn't," we are disfellowshipped for saying "different than" and "one . . . he," we are proscribed for saying "hooey," and we are damned for saying "damn." Our conventional mind would find its natural expression in the flatulent and polysyllabic rhetoric of a Professor of Education lecturing on methods of teaching style, and if we consulted our own preference our writing would always wear spats. But we have ideals and they force us to write inelegantly in the cause of good English. Every "oh, nuts" we print sends us to bed with a migraine and costs us the price of two penitential doves. But if we can serve *belles lettres* by abasing ourself, pain and expense do not matter.

The man who must put on spats before he can talk with a friend is goofy. Good writing is where you find it, whether in *Variety's* headlines or in the reports of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Good writing is the adaptation of means to end, the adaptation of style to the mood, the meaning, and the audience. Good writing is, especially, the use of words which have the emotional overtone proper to the context. "Lousy" was good enough for Shakespeare and it's good enough for a Professor of Education. If the Professor means "lousy" and refrains from writing it, he is the kind of person who would say "lady dog" and there is no place for him in hell, heaven, or *The Saturday Review*. We propose to go on using the language of literate speech, to go on saying what we mean, and to go on betraying our ideals in defense of the living English tongue. Ever hear of poetic license, gents? Don't get the idea that it is something issued by the Department of Public Safety.

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Letters to the Editor: *Book Reports from Some SRL Readers*

Earlier "Citadel"

SIR: — While "The Citadel," by Dr. Cronin, is on the lips of novel readers, may I call your attention to another "Citadel," written by Samuel Merwin, and published by the Century Co. in 1912?

To my amusement I find at various points therein the following declarations of a young Congressman.

" 'I do not see, Mr. Chairman, why we should hesitate to admit that this pretense of sacred mystery that is today woven about the Constitution is just bald hocus pocus. The Constitution is, of course, an interesting and in some respects a remarkable document. But really, Mr. Chairman, to expect us to believe that any document drawn up as a compromise by a body of men representing the property interests of a few seacoast colonies—colonies which existed in political, industrial, and social conditions basically different from the conditions obtaining today—to expect us to believe that any such document must be accepted today as the political, industrial, and social law and gospel is to expect us to believe a good deal.

" 'And under our system and in order to learn what Congress meant by a certain word or phrase, we go—where? Back to Congress? Not at all. We take it to an entirely different body—to a group of individuals, lawyers all, products of the Rent, Profit, and Interest system of Civilization—to the body that has become so mighty and august that we may not even venture to criticize it without finding ourselves under the ban of a sort of lèse majesté—the most despotically powerful group of individuals in the civilized world today—the Supreme Court of the United States!' "

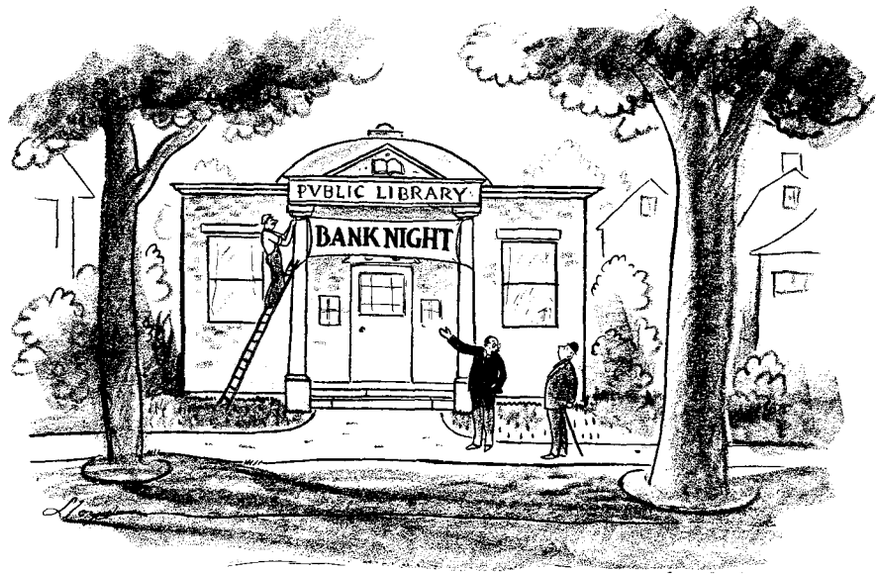
WELLESLEY DAVIS.

New Haven, Conn.

Closing a Long Controversy

SIR:—Ever since I can remember, people anxious to advertise their Culture have been making lists of 10 books to be taken when wrecked on a desert island. In every instance that I can recall, the selection was on a neurotic basis. The latest illustration is furnished by three western college professors, each of whom starts off dutifully with "The Bible and Shakespeare." In the first place, if they are the men they ought to be, they would know the Bible and Shakespeare so well that it would be needless to encumber their luggage with the volumes. In the second place, what possible benefit could a castaway derive from these old standbys? Perhaps a man feels virtuous to think that the rescue party will discover him dead on the beach, the Bible clasped in one hand and Shakespeare in the other. Anyway, he'll be dead. Any list of the best 10 books for a castaway must, if it is made up realistically, be about as follows:

1. A book on camping and woodcraft.
2. A book on building and managing small boats.
3. The best atlas possible.



"WELL, WE *MUST* BUILD UP CIRCULATION SOMEHOW."

4. A popular book on astronomy.
5. A treatise on human anatomy.
6. A treatise on human physiology.
7. A popular handbook on medicine and hygiene.
8. A book on gardening and horticulture.
9. J. C. Willis's "Manual and dictionary of flowering plants and ferns" (for identification of useful flora).
10. The Columbia Encyclopedia.

PAUL POPENOE.

Institute of Family Relations
Los Angeles, Cal.

"On Gilbert Head"

SIR:—I have read "On Gilbert Head," by Elizabeth Etnier, and I feel it is worthier of praise and mention than any other recent book.

The jacket declares that "On Gilbert Head" is "a book of 'unpremeditated charm'." Mrs. Etnier has given us more than the charm of Maine as it really is, more than a true picture of Maine natives, more than a book portraying the life of a young couple. She has given us a book which leaves a deep feeling and has a perhaps unintentional meaning. I agree with whoever wrote the jacket that Mrs. Etnier is in love with life—I say that it is that that gives one the strong feeling about the book.

And I believe that it is her love for life that is also the meaning of the book. It teaches us how one woman made her life into a paradise easily—because she loved it.

N. C.

New York City.

"The Anointed" and San Francisco

SIR: — I enjoyed "The Anointed." I think it is a unique book, a little masterpiece. But has any reviewer pointed out that, wherever Mr. Davis has been, he has never been in the San Francisco Public Library? Or if he has, he has completely forgotten it. His description of its appearance and methods could not be more inaccurate. This is a trifle, and yet in a book like "The Anointed" it is not a trifle; for, like "On Borrowed Time," the book depends for its impact on the reader on the close attention to realistic detail which gives verisimilitude to the fantastic.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

SIR:—I read "The Anointed" because it was praised rather extravagantly by Lewis Gannett and came away with the feeling of *The New Yorker's* that it was a "vaguely crazy story about a seaman," etc.

So you see it's a question of reading the right review first.

M. F.

"Claude"

SIR:—For many years, in fact, I believe since its beginning, I have been an enthusiastic subscriber to the *S. R. L.*

There have been many temptations but this is the first time I have yielded to the impulse to voice an opinion and I regret my première is a protest. But I feel so strongly that your review Sept. 4th of "Claude" by Geneviève Fauconnier was a disservice to your patrons that I am enboldened to speak.

Had I not read the book, before seeing your review, I would most certainly have crossed it off my list and thus missed a volume of quiet but unusual beauty.

I feel there must be many like myself, who would read "Claude" as a restrained but clear exposition of the inner workings of a sensitive, courageous and highly aware adult mind. It somehow seemed quite logical that one who would "condemn with faint praise" this book would also refer to Lauren Ford as "he"—perhaps the last was a printer's slip—but I'm inclined gravely to doubt it!

For the most part,

Yours gratefully,

ALICE J. AYLING.

Washington, Conn.

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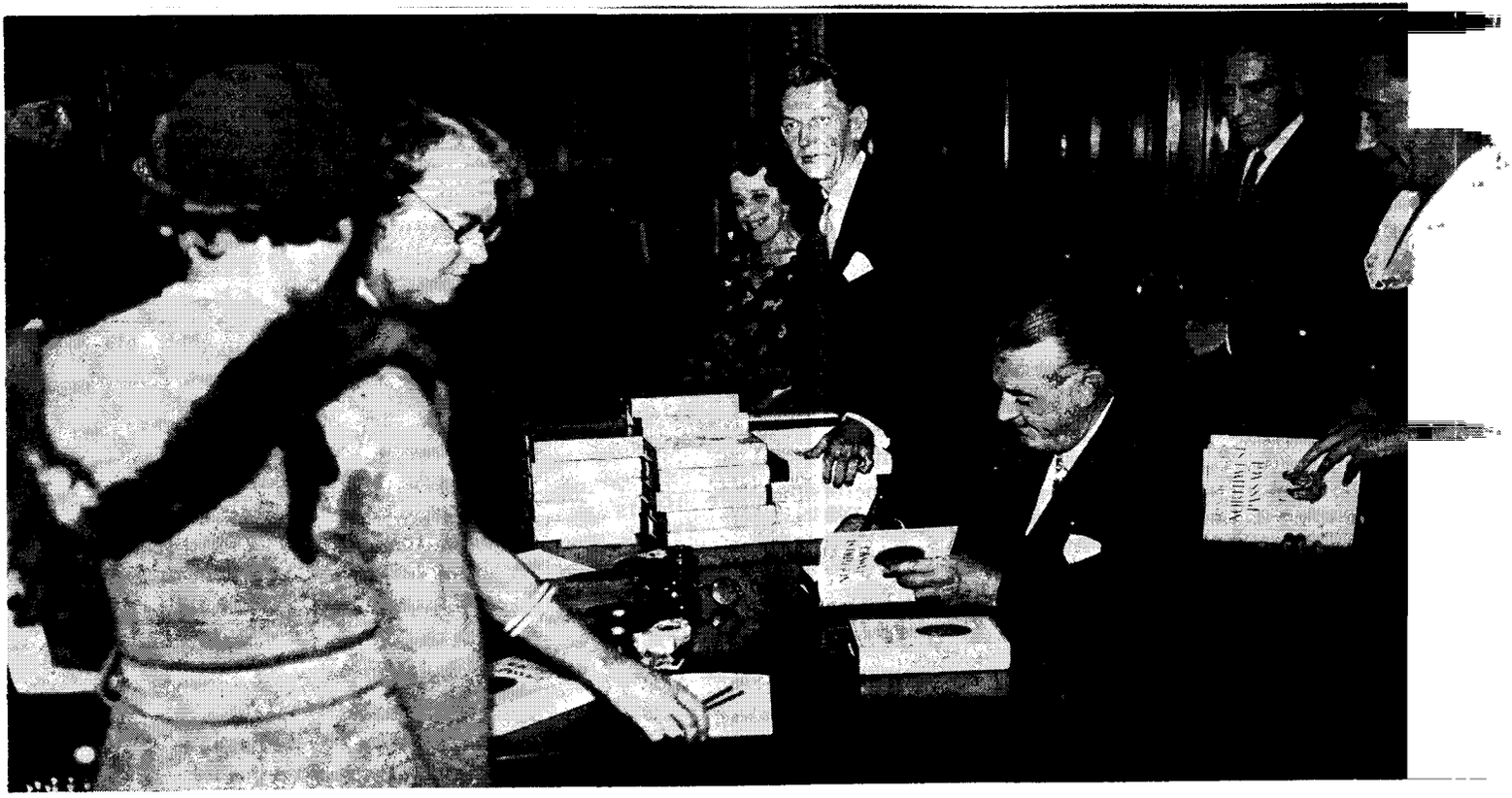
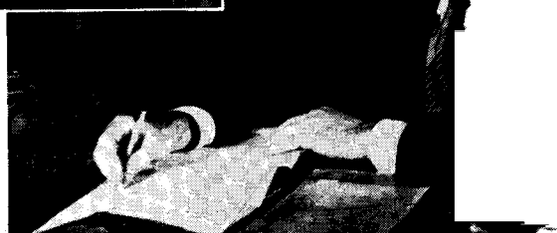


Kenneth Roberts (seated, above) autographs copies of "Northwest Passage" at Brentano's, York City. . . . Below, Ivan T. Sanderson, British naturalist, explorer, author and illustr of "Animal Treasure," with his drawing of a three-horned chameleon (habitat West Afr

Another African explorer, Attilio Gatti (above), who wrote "Great Mother Forest," looks at the view from his Park Ave. penthouse through a native mask. . . . Below, H. P. Smolka, who reported a Soviet colonial experiment in "40,000 against the Arctic," in New York en route to Mexico.

International reporters· left, Eu gene Lyons, author of "Assign ment in Utopia" (see page 11) wit U. P. correspondent Mary Knight below, Henry Landau correct proofs of "The Enemy Within," on wartime sabotage in the U. S

(News pictures by Robert Disraeli



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Paradise Lost

ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA. By Eugene Lyons. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

AMONG the many perplexities which beset every student of international affairs in this age of regimented thought and skillfully staged propaganda is the problem of presenting facts without fear or favor. Every writer and lecturer of integrity daily faces the temptation of compromising with his principles in order to flatter or conciliate his audience, his friends or, most important of all, his employers. This is particularly true of newspaper correspondents assigned to the distracting task of covering events in dictatorship countries, where criticism is synonymous with treason, and reporting unpalatable truths becomes a cause for expulsion. The correspondent's predicament is particularly serious in the Soviet Union, which until recently has been the Mecca of intellectuals in search of Utopia and sophisticated travelers in quest of new sensations. In the maelstrom of conflicting misinformation, he is hard put to it to keep his balance.

Eugene Lyons, for six years Moscow correspondent of the United Press, had to cope with these various problems, and his book is an absorbing—though overwritten—record of his Russian Odyssey, which ended with his recall in 1934. His early career followed a pattern familiar to American journalists of radical convictions. He covered an I.W.W. trial in Oklahoma, worked for the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, wrote a book about that world-shaking case, became interested in communism. When he took the UP assignment, it was in the hope of using his position to create in this country sentiment favorable to the Soviet Union.

Like many other foreigners Lyons at first mistook the glamorous quality of an unfamiliar land, the charm of temperamental Russians, and the beauty of the Russian theatre for essential features of the Soviet system. Once he had settled down to the routine of Moscow life, he discovered that this brave new world was composed, after all, of human beings, fallible at best, and at worst ruthless and brutal in ways shocking to Western concepts of social justice. His close-ups of Soviet demonstration trials, the liquidation of the kulaks, the violent suppression of all liberties, the arbitrary reversal of policies which constantly threw the country out of gear, led him to question the value of economic progress achieved at the cost of so much sacrifice in human lives. Most powerful of all was the impression made on him by the famine of 1933 — sedulously concealed from the world by a conspiracy of silence on the part of foreign correspondents — when the government penalized passive resistance to collectivization by allowing millions of peasants to die of starvation. Some correspondents — notably Walter Duranty — made the best of a tragic situation, learned to write noncommittal and often disingenuous dispatches. But Lyons found no solace in cynicism. Like William Henry Chamberlin, who has already recorded his experiences in "Russia's Iron Age," Lyons began to realize the viciousness inherent in the theory that the end justifies the means—a theory as useful to fascism as to communism. He came to the conclusion that "movements for economic change are worthless, even dangerous, as soon as they throw off respect for life, for liberty, for justice," and that "any philosophy of human progress which does not rest uncompromisingly on respect for life, no matter how honest its original intentions, becomes brutalized and defeats its own professed purposes." He has not lost faith in socialism, but believes that economic security alone does not justify the material and spiritual sacrifices imposed on the Russian people by an arbitrary dictatorship. To argue, as some critics may be expected to do, that Mr. Lyons speaks here out of personal bitterness and disillusion, is not to answer the fundamental question he raises: whether any system which sets out to achieve social justice by first exterminating all neutrals, dissidents, and opponents, does not run the danger of defeating the very ends ultimately intended to justify its means.

A biographical note about Eugene Lyons appears on page 40.

Prayer of a Country Gentleman

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I ASK Thee, Lord, Thy kind release
From Thy rich gift of rustic peace.
I am unworthy of the Grace
That showers about me in this place.
O Lord, upon some calmer soul
Confer this bounty of Thy dole!

Contemn me, Lord! contemn me wholly
As one unwise, unsound, unworthy—
A creature who could never know Thee,
A man Thou madest too unearthy.

I wander homesick in Thy woods;
I fear Thy mountain-solitudes;
Thy beasts that on each other prey
Haunt me with anguish night and day;
I shun Thy great and gracious lawns;
Nor do Thy sunsets and Thy dawns
Rouse me to silent ecstasies,
Nor Thy cloud-castles, nor Thy trees.

Dismiss me from Thy sunlit skies,
From larks that with the morning rise;
Absolve me from the whippoorwills;
Forbid me Thy green stately hills:
Inflict on me, in my unworth,
Complete divorcement from the earth;
And hurl me, Lord, in Thy stern pity,
Back to the horrors of the city.

No Escape

SUCH COUNSELS YOU GAVE TO ME. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

ROBINSON JEFFERS is a poet whose utterance is so definite in its premises and so downright in its conclusions that the reader is compelled to take sides and appraise him not as a poet, but as a preacher, a force, an influence. Since his themes are, for the most part, tortured, and his conclusions are (from the human standpoint) almost negative, if not nihilistic, the number of Jeffers's readers will be limited to the hard few. These few thousand will treasure every statement in his latest volume, a volume that is packed with the strange combination—or is it a contradiction?—of revery and violence which has marked all the author's volumes since "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion."

In essence, the philosophy of "Such Counsels You Gave to Me" is not so much a statement as an annotated restatement. Jeffers says what he has said again and again: humanity is debased; its civilization is degenerate; its increasingly huge centers are hideous; its machines are unholy; it is not fit to inhabit this once-clean earth. Love cheats the flesh, bewilders the mind, and betrays the spirit. Even death is dubious and no sure release, since annihilation is impossible in a universe where there is "no cave of peace, no night of quietness, no escape but change."

Death and the futile wish for escape are the main theme of the new volume; the poet's contempt for the average man and his reverence for abstract truth are the subsidiary motifs. In one poem he acknowledges, for the first time, his mission:

> . . . To be truth-bound, the neutral
> Detested by all the dreaming factions, is my errand here.

The title poem is, like so many of Jeffers's longer poems, an adaptation of an old tale. But where most of the others were modernizations of myths and legends, this is an expansion of a ballad, the well known "Edward, Edward." The sixty pages are as emotional as they are modern, as passionate as they are perverse, as original in utterance as they are familiar in subject. Once again Jeffers employs an unhappy family relationship to evoke a sense of personal tragedy against a background of universal terror. The twenty-two other poems are less imposing, but they are scarcely less interesting. The shorter quasi-lyrics celebrate strength, the consolation of transient beauty, the solidity of sea-granite, and the will to endure against the horrors of new ways to give pain, new slaveries. Such elements do not make pretty verses, but they make impressive monoliths of poetry.

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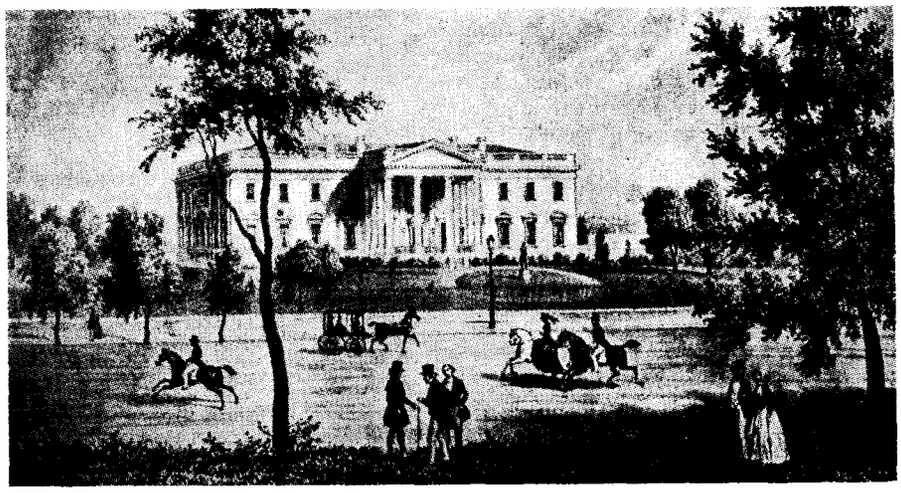

THE WHITE HOUSE IN JACKSON'S ADMINISTRATION

Nation's Hero, People's Friend

ANDREW JACKSON: PORTRAIT OF A PRESIDENT. By Marquis James. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by E. Douglas Branch

As James's portrait of "Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain" was a Goya, so is this later portrait a Renoir. The brushwork is delicate and the tints mellowed. As the narrative begins Jackson is in retirement, puttering about the cotton-plants and the stables of the Hermitage, worried about his debts and his diarrhoea. Beguiled almost (but not quite!) against his will into the Presidency—an artful promotion which James relates in the light of hitherto undisclosed facts—and thrust into a new kind of warfare, Jackson is yet affectionately concerned with his scapegrace adopted son, and almost maudlin over the swarm of urchin Andrews and Rachels. His loyalty to his friends burns a wide swath through his politics. He hates Henry Clay's guts; and he dies regretful that he had not hung Calhoun. Jackson's loyalty to his departed Rachel shapes the course of a nation; and when a New England Sunday school teacher asks for the name of Abel's slayer, an innocent replies: "General Jackson."

But this portrait, unlike the one by Sully which affluent persons may find on twenty-dollar bills, does not conceal the firm lines of the Border Captain's character. Jackson was a nationalist: "Our Union: It must be preserved." He distrusted a moneyed aristocracy, not from an agrarian bias but because he set human rights (Indians excepted from humankind) above property rights. James contributes an unwelcome reminder to spellbinders: that Jackson regarded Jefferson as a feathery doctrinaire, while the third President looked on the seventh as a buckskin ruffian. The reader's final impression of Jackson may well be the slogan of the campaign of 1824: "Old Hickory, the Nation's Hero and the People's Friend."

The author remarks disarmingly, "History has concerned me only as it touched Jackson, or as Jackson touched it." Even so, the background is disappointingly sketchy. It is no diminution of this noteworthy biography to comment that Bowers's "Party Battles of the Jackson Period" and Fish's "The Rise of the Common Man" are a needful easel for James's portrait. Accounts of Presidential campaigns which omit mention of the Liberty and Free Soil parties and dismiss the Antimasonic party as "a curious political sect" are hardly just to Jackson's own concerns. Amos Kendall's shift to Jackson is not explained, and the "Kitchen Cabinet" generally are dim shadows in the gaslight. The story of Van Buren's resignation from the Secretaryship of State is too elliptical to be understood. Of Jackson's own veerings, only his partial turnabout on the internal improvements question remains unilluminated. In other actions Jackson's motives are buttressed by James's documented insight, by clear writing mortised with the footnotes of seven years' gleaning. Into the corpus of Jacksoniana James has plumped a bottleful of "Matchless Sanative," a tonic compounded of patience, intelligence, imagination, and industry. His Jackson is alive, an "Old Hickory" of pulsing sap, a man who broke heads while shielding his own heartbreak. And this biography of a President who relinquished office a century ago last March has an arresting timeliness: perhaps, as the reader's convictions may have it, because Justice Story remarked with considerable truth, "Though we live under the form of a republic, we are in fact under the absolute rule of a single man"; or because Jackson was a man of property who became the man of the people.

E. Douglas Branch, author of "The Sentimental Years," is professor of history at the University of Pittsburgh."

Melodrama with Social Trimmings

EUROPA IN LIMBO. By Robert Briffault. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by Gilbert Chase

In continuing the story of Julian Bern and the Princess Zena through the years of the World War and the Russian Revolution, the author of "Europa" has again displayed his flair for vivid narration; but as a realistic novelist he has placed himself in an entirely untenable position. First, because his social thesis, apparently based on the assumption that the capitalistic order is responsible for the human depravity and corruption which he so gloatingly describes, prevents him from seeing life truthfully in terms of human character and human destiny. And secondly, because his desire to be impressively shocking at all costs, running through the book like an obsession, betrays him into such incongruous absurdities. Mr. Briffault tries to convey an impression of pseudo-sophisticated eroticism. The imparting of sensationally scandalous details about the morals of titled personages is a time-honored device to *épater le bourgeois;* but it has never been a means for winning the respect of discriminating readers.

If Mr. Briffault had confined himself consistently to the thesis that "life is a filthy business," he might have been able to make out a fairly convincing case in his portrayal of war-time demoralization, with its concomitants of greed, lust, cruelty, and selfishness. But in attributing this filthiness exclusively to members of a "capitalistic" society, he makes his bias so obvious that it completely spoils his case. Julian Bern's intellectual and moral superiority, presumably the result of his radical inclinations, remains as unconvincing as the crass ineptitude and immorality of the "bourgeois" characters. Nor does the relish with which Mr. Briffault depicts the atrocities perpetrated by the "White" officers in Russia free us from the suspicion that some excesses may also have been committed by the "Reds."

Shorn of its intellectual pretensions, the book emerges as melodrama, crude but effective. There is plenty of action, and plenty of excitement. There are perhaps too many characters and too many incidents; but the movement and atmosphere are well sustained. The central theme is the love of Julian and Zena, which has a tragic dénouement after they are finally united in the midst of the revolution in Russia. But the plot is thickened with an imbroglio of espionage and counter-espionage. If we place this novel on the plane of sheer melodrama, we need not smile at some of its lines. But then we will have little patience with its intellectual and moralistic posturings.

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Hope for the Novelette

A CARGO OF PARROTS. By R. Hernekin Baptist. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $1.25.

LOVING MEMORY. By James Hill. The Same.

NIGHT AT HOGWALLOW. By Theodore Strauss. The same.

THIS MAN, JOE MURRAY. By William Corcoran. The same.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE four books under inspection, together with a prize-winning fifth by Wallace Stegner entitled "Remembering Laughter," are the five most publishable manuscripts submitted in a contest for the best novelette. In bringing out these books, Little, Brown and Company is making an important contribution to current fiction by reviving a form which, since James and Conrad, has not had many practitioners.

The novelette, halfway between the short-story and the novel, offers certain advantages and certain difficulties to the writer which might advance the art of fiction, could the form be cultivated. On the one hand, the novel as now being written has degenerated as an artistic form from what it was in the hands of Conrad and James. This does not mean that it has not gained in range of subject matter and even in certain technical resources, but it does mean that, judged mainly as works of art, contemporary novels have been too often satisfied to substitute immediacy or a meliorative urge for the artistic shaping in which James believed. Outlines have become blurred and purposes have gone awry; and in place of conceiving the novel as a long curve of experience, in Lubbock's phrase, writers tend to conceive it as a block or lump of matter in which bulk is quite as important as direction.

An analogous blurring of lines has taken place in the short story. Undoubtedly good work has been wrought; but the anxiety to avoid a merely mechanical treatment of episode has driven many writers to refuse the story—*i.e.*, to avoid tension and climax in the cause of being "true to life." The pattern is, at it were, circular; given a central theme or episode, the "story" is something that merely revolves. But a "story" as such is usually something that extends from a beginning to an end, and the essential conflict between these two conceptions of what a short story is has seldom been satisfactorily resolved.

The novelette, however, cannot merely revolve. The mere necessity of filling out the required form demands that the author move from here to there. If it merely revolves for a hundred and fifty pages, it appears not as a novelette but as what in that case it truly becomes, an imaginary diary, an essay, or something else essentially non-fictional. On the other hand, the relative compression of the novelette as compared with the novel tends to forbid the entrance of extraneous matter, since one usually cannot in the space at hand narrate a tale felt to have a certain weight and impetus and also go off on sociological sidelines. No literary form exists in pure perfection, of course, and in "Night at Hogwallow" Mr. Strauss has raised a problem of racial conflict slightly extraneous to his story, just as in "This Man, Joe Murray," Mr. Corcoran has insisted too much that he was not telling a "mere" love story. Yet it is generally true that the four novelettes here reviewed stick to their artistic aim, and fill out the necessities of the form to better purpose than most recent novels and many short stories.

Of the four Mr. Baptist's "A Cargo of Parrots" is an almost perfect example of the realization of form. Like Mr. Strauss, Mr. Baptist wants to illuminate racial differences, but with him the theme is, as it were, implicit in the story and not approached from the outside. In this admirable narrative one follows the line of a single human experience from its inevitable opening to its inevitable end; and it is a mark of Mr. Baptist's power as an artist that during the course of the story one accepts as part of the narrative one wildly improbable event. The slow rise of a sense of inevitable doom in this sea narrative is like the slow rise of inevitable doom in Melville's imperfect "Benito Cereno."

Mr. Hill's "Loving Memory" is, next to the Baptist book, the best of the four novelettes. The theme once more is right for the form—the slow discovery by a widower of the actual little-mindedness of his deceased wife; and the treatment of the psychological change in question is properly conceived as a novelette. Where it does fail, it fails because of a certain nervous jumpiness; and also perhaps because Mr. Hill has tried to get too many persons into his story.

"Night at Hogwallow" is a powerful piece of writing, and I do not say that Mr. Strauss is wrong in making a novelette out of the material. Yet, despite the extended nature of the book, it seems to me that the narrative is really in the nature of a short story; fundamentally no character develops during the narrative, and what we rather have is the dramatic development of a set of potential social and psychological forces towards a given climax.

In "This Man, Joe Murray" Mr. Corcoran, on the other hand, seems to me to have made the opposite mistake—that of condensing a novel and calling the result a novelette. Joe Murray is a wanderer, who falls in love with a girl. The girl is horribly killed, and the rest of the tale consists in Murray's finding out what marriage truly is. Fully to depict all that Mr. Corcoran has compressed into his narrative would require a fuller canvas than the novelette allows; and of the four narratives it seems to me that his is the least successful in fitting material to form.

Here's How

ONE MORE MANHATTAN. By Phyllis McGinley. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NOW, in my age, when the blood runs thinly,
I welcome verse that can rollick and race;
And that is why I like Phyllis McGinley,
Harcourt, Brace.

Serious poetry even when tropical
Often flutters mere paper flames.
But Miss McGinley excels at the topical,
Oliver Ames.

Wit she has that can deftly flatten
Shams of the city in which we fret.
See it gleam in "One More Manhattan,"
Two dollars net.

Yes, and when big-gun writers bore us,
Crisply comes a McGinley ditty;
Vide: her "Laboratory Chorus"
Or "Day in the City."

"Epithalamion" 's one of the honeys;
The Oliver poems great guile disclose;

Underwood & Underwood
PHYLLIS McGINLEY

And, still and all, the one for my money's
On Major Bowes!

"Funk at Wagnalls" excels in levity,
And "Monologue from a Padded Cell,"
And here and there is a serious brevity
Handled well.

Altogether, the girl's a corker.
Purchase the volume and take a look!
Gal of the galaxy of the *New Yorker*—
Again in a book!

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A Reader's Almanac: *Oct., Nov., Dec.*

Old Q. and Aggregated Acorns were arguing about the books of this season which they have read —or hope to. The list seemed to take shape as a kind of almanac, but no responsibility is assumed for changes of publication date, and there is no attempt to be all-inclusive. This is a four-dimensional and four-temperamental synopsis. Protest and reproach will be respectfully meditated. Where dates are not given, consult your bookseller. Consult him anyway. . . .

OCTOBER 1

☞Visit oculist, push eyes back into sockets ready for big fall reading. Published today, *No Hearts to Break* by Susan Ertz. Fiction-biography of Betsy Patterson, the first Baltimore girl to marry royalty.

☞Among books already published: *Lost Heritage* by Bruno Frank. Romantic novel of attempted monarchist rebellion in Germany. Grand entertainment, but anti-Nazi propaganda too strong for its own purpose. ☞*Goliath*, by G. A. Borgese. Historical study of the rise of Fascism. Required reading for those wishing to understand Italy today. ☞*Their Eyes Were Watching God*, by Zora Neale Hurston. Novel of Negro life by a writer who has the feeling of a poet. ☞*Let Your Mind Alone*, by James Thurber. The antidote to Dale Carnegie. ☞*The Citadel*, by A. J. Cronin. Sure-fire melodrama and controversy. A doctor tries to maintain integrity in a competitive world. ☞*The Goncourt Journals*, translated by Lewis Galantière. A new editing of the famous diary of artistic Paris in mid-19th century. Jitters nothing new among literary men. ☞*Animal Treasure*, by Ivan Sanderson. Delightful memoir of a young British zoölogist in Africa. ☞*The Arts*, by H. W. Van Loon. Gallant but somewhat offhand attempt to popularize the history of man's genius for form and color. Many experts sure to wrangle over various phases of this interesting book. ☞*Andrew Jackson: Portrait of a President*, by Marquis James.

OCTOBER 4

☞*New Frontiers of the Mind*, by J. B. Rhine. Careful study of experiments in "extra-sensory perception." Book-of-the-Month for October, and sure of a good run. The Quercuses busy carrying out experiments of their own with the test-cards that accompany the book; and becoming more clairvoyant every minute. ☞*The Faithful Wife*, by Sigrid Undset: divorce among the Norse, or making Sweden a garden of Eden, or hearts in pain among the Dane. A conscientious novel, but we hate to see the upright Scandinavians troubled with the universal osmosis.

OCTOBER 5

☞*Yankee Bookseller*, by Charles E. Goodspeed. A famous Boston bookseller tells his adventures. Right up our street and we're enjoying it.

OCTOBER 6

☞*So Great a Man*, by David Pilgrim. A novel of Napoleon's life, 1808-09. ☞*Complete Poems of James Whitcomb Riley*, 1044 poems, with introduction by Donald Peattie. ☞Among books already published, just noticed *The Return of Kai Lung*, by Ernest Bramah. Spread the word among Kai Lung fans. ☞And *700 Chinese Proverbs*, translated by Henry Hart, sounds like something special for the Christmas list.

OCTOBER 7

☞*Assignment in Utopia*, by Eugene Lyons. Another book about Russia, by an alert correspondent and observer. ☞*When Labor Organizes*, by Robert R. Brooks, should be interesting and hodiernal.

OCTOBER 8

☞*Ghosts*, by Edith Wharton: a collection in one volume of all her stories of the psychic and preternatural. ☞*War with the Newts*, by Karel Capek, in his agreeable vein of fantastic satire; but he pushes the idea too hard, it grows tedious. ☞Among books we like the sound of but can't find any dates attached:—Winslow L. Webber, *Books about Books*, a bibliography for paramours of print; and Richard Aldington's *Letters of Mme. de Sévigné*, in two volumes. Marie de Sévigné, née Rabutin, was one of the most really enchanting people in the world, we have often meditated a letter to her on our own hook. ☞*An Artist in America*, by Thomas H. Benton, autobiography of a mural painter who gets around the country.

OCTOBER 9

☞SRL Autumn Announcement Number, of distinguished value to all booksellers and readers. The Quercuses take the day off and go for their annual bonfire. Q. Minimus says, Don't forget to mention *Small Talk*, by Harold Nicolson, already published. ☞On Columbus Day, don't forget N. Y. State Income Tax, Debt in the Afternoon.

OCTOBER 13

☞Fine weather for raking leaves; also one-volume *Omnibus of Thoreau*, edited by H. S. Canby. ☞*They Seek a Country*, by Francis Brett Young, rollicking and strong-pulling novel of the great Boer trek 100 years ago. ☞*Pity the Tyrant*, by Hans Otto Storm: a dark horse: remarkable impressionist picture of Lima, Peru. ☞*Christopher Marlowe*, by John Bakeless: a literary biography with interesting new material. ☞*Salute to Yesterday*, by Gene Fowler: novel of Colorado in the days when the fathers were striking it rich. ☞*The Running of the Deer*, by Dan Wickenden, promising first novel of American family life. ☞*U. S. Camera 1937*, edited by T. J. Maloney: the annual album for visualists. Good rest for textworn eyes. ☞*Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs*, the British Colonial administrator. ☞*Background in Tennessee*, novelist's autobiography by Evelyn Scott.

OCTOBER 14

☞*Bread and Circuses*, by Willson Whitman. The exciting history of the Federal Theatre Project.

OCTOBER 15

☞*Apes, Men and Morons*, by E. A. Hooton. The epigrammatic anthropologist says plenty. ☞*To Have and To Have Not*, by Ernest Hemingway. Brilliant and brutal; hijackery and hic-jacets; will worry the critics. If crystal-gazing is permitted, Q. puts a larger bet on *Serenade*, by James M. Cain, not scheduled yet. (Probably December.) ☞For antidote to these hirsute fellows, *The Buried Candelabrum*, by Stefan Zweig: tender Jewish legend. Or, on October 18, *The Rectory Family*, by John Franklin Carter: pleasing and sensitive autobiography of youth in a New England college town. Induces the nostalgia that is tonic for middle age. ☞Same date, *The Trial*, by Franz Kafka (translated by the Muirs) which is Old Q.'s strongest highbrow hunch. Only one book of Kafka's has previously been published in U. S., but he was an extraordinary writer. ☞Ike Mendoza, who has probably bought more review copies than any other bookseller in America, begins his 44th year in the old shop on Ann Street, N. Y. C.

OCTOBER 19

☞Old Q. gets his annual spell of fantods, decides to quit literature and take to water-color painting. His Associates buy him a drink. ☞Medium Q. discovers that *The Autobiography of W. B. Yeats* and *Science and Music*, by Sir James Jeans, have not been listed in this Almanac. ☞Subaltern Q. says, how about *To a Lonely Boy*, interesting theatrical memoirs, by Arthur Hopkins. ☞The Caledonian Club of N. Y. writes in about *My Scotland*, by A. G. Macdonell. ☞About this date, *The Enemy Gods*, by Oliver La Farge, novel of American Indians—well written but a little preachy on politics and Indian culture.

OCTOBER 20

☞*The Rains Came*, by Louis Bromfield. A novel of India, 240,000 words. Edna Ferber says it will sell a copy

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Fannie Hurst

By Her
Ex-Amanuensis

ZORA NEALE HURSTON

Kaiden Kazamjian

FANNIE HURST: *A recent photograph.*

SOMEBODY said one day in writing that Fannie Hurst was the only woman writer in America who looked like what she was. Right away I knew what he meant. It is true that she is a stunning wench, but that was not all that he saw with his eyes. He meant that she had something more to show than a head, two legs, two arms, and what holds them together. He was saying that she looked like a Somebody to him. And that is right. She does.

It is not just her grooming either, though she knows very well what to do with those kind of eyes and her white skin and black hair. She knows what black and white and red can do for her looks and she does it. She and the Queen of Sheba both know what to look like when calling on the king. She has got something else besides clothes that sprangles out from her when she moves. It is something like a rainbow wrapped and tied around her shoulder that glints and gleams.

And if you stay around Fannie Hurst you are not going to take a good look at her and go on off to sleep either. No, you will hop from one emotion to the other so fast that not one suspicion of sleep will dim your eyes. She is apt to wring you dry and be bored with you long before you are through with her. You will pay attention, for Fannie Hurst is a person of the most contradictory moods and statements of anyone in public life. But if you study her out, she is the very essence of consistency. She is the repository of talents and not the usual assembly of female parts and thoughts. What the gods within her direct today may be absolutely repudiated by what they dictate tomorrow, and that is as it should be. So it is ridiculous to go and get your mob-size measure and attempt to take her size.

She is a writer because she had to be one. She had money when she was born, so she did not need to try for that. She had looks and sex appeal so she did not need a career as a mating device. She had place in the social scheme. She writes because she must. But that must is inside of her, and has nothing to do with a publisher's order. If everything she writes is not a "Humoresque," "Back Street," a "Lummox," or a "Vertical City," it is not a play to the gallery. It is because the gods inside have failed her for the moment.

Personally, Fannie Hurst is a little girl who is tall for her age. You can just see her playing doll-house with grown-up tools. One moment a serious worker controlled by her genii; the next instant playing make-believe with all her heart. Playing it so that it is impossible for you to doubt that for her it is true while it lasts. Then you can understand her. You can just see the child in St. Louis wandering around in the big house with no other children to play with. She could not run loose in the streets because her people were never poor. There were too many good carpets and lace curtains in her house for it to be over-run with just anybody's children, either. She did not even have a cousin near her own age. She had her little life all to herself. She was the little girl with the long curls who looked out of the big window until she got tired. Then she would fiddle with the lace curtains until she was told to stop. She put up with adult company as long as she could stand it, and you can see her when she hit upon the glorious device of making up her playmates out of her own head.

She did not feel any great yearning for degrees, but she went to college anyway. She took her bachelor's degree at a college in St. Louis, but prefers to think of Columbia University as her Alma Mater because there she felt a spiritual tie that she never felt in St. Louis. By the time she entered college she was putting her fancies on paper. She sent things out to the publications, but no success to speak of in those days when she was learning to use her tools, so she decided to come East and fight it out with these editor-people at close range. That brought her to New York and to Jacques Danielson. Not before she had tried briefly the career of waitress, elevator operator, and a few other odd jobs like that to gain experience. That period was short because she met Jacques Danielson, and that sensitive musician wanted to take her under a roof that he paid for and keep her. But at the same time he understood her dreams and agreed to the separate domiciles that the writer might not be destroyed by the musician and vice versa. So they made that agreement of three nights a week together which has been given so much publicity. However I have known him to sneak up the back stairs to spend some extra evenings with his wife and I have never seen her make the first move to drive him off.

She had his full sympathy and cooperation in trying her wings in literature. She tried and failed and tried again and he was always full of encouragement and faith. He told her she had genius over and over, and after "Humoresque" there was no doubt in the minds of the critics that she was among the unforgettables. The short story or the book length piece were all one to her. The length had nothing to do with her creation. She had learned to write prose. She was asked why she never attempted a play and she said that the drama was life in high relief and she preferred to work in the round.

Miss Hurst loves beauty. You can tell that the moment you enter her cathedral-like studio apartment. There is the air of the Medicis about. There are beautiful

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bits of this and that from here and there in the world, but mostly from Italy and Italy of the great art period. She might seek here and there for a bargain in soda biscuits to eat with cheese, and then pay an enormous sum for a beautiful plate to eat it from.

But to go back to the little girl in Fannie Hurst. She is extremely intelligent and nobody's fool in business. I have heard some editor or publisher call her up and try a little strong arm stuff. Try to sort of push and shove her around a bit. Just so much of that and The Fannie is all over him like gravy over rice. Then I have seen her annoyed by some petty incident, drop everything and rush to the telephone to tell her husband all about it. And the way she says "Jack" it is the most helpless sound in the whole world. "Jack, they did this and thus to me. What must I do now, Jack? When are you coming home, Jack?" You can just hear him on the other end of the wire figuratively patting her curls and wiping her eyes, and she is all mollified again. She returns to her desk with the air of, "There now! I told Jack on you and I bet he'll fix you *good*. Goody, goody, goody!" It is like the cave woman who probably took a rock and beat a sabre-toothed tiger to death for sticking his head in her cave. Then when her big hairy husband came home from the hunt, he found her crying in fright over a mouse.

Ruth Colby

FANNIE HURST, 1914
—date of her first book.

Once I saw her playing at the little girl who runs away from home. She said to me perfectly sober sounding, "Come on, Zora, with your car and let's you and I go on a trip." That was good because I love to go on trips. "Elizabeth Marbury" she went on, "is up at her summer home at Bellglade Lakes, Maine. She wrote me that she wants to see me at once and have a talk. It is something important and I really *must* go to her. Can we start tomorrow?"

So the next morning bright and soon I had the little Chevrolet all serviced and at the door. Miss Hurst came down with her mouth all set like a Christmas present and got in the car. And in no time at all I was going up the Boston Post Road washing my foot in the gas tank. Early that afternoon we were in Saratoga Springs. Miss Hurst told me to stop.

"We must stop here awhile. For one thing you have never tasted this spring water here and it just does wonders for people. I'd feel guilty if I didn't give you a chance to drink some of this water. Besides, Lummie needs to stretch his legs." (Lummox was Miss Hurst's two pound size pekinese.)

We stopped in front of the United States Hotel and gave Lummox a brisk walk of about five feet. Then I went over in the park where I saw water that didn't look too private spouting up from a fountain and took a drink. By that time Miss Hurst had come back from the telephone and we all got back in the car. Miss Hurst had that look in her eyes that a child has when it is about to tell its mother that it has seen a fairy.

"Zora, your getting that drink of water reminds me to ask you if you have ever seen Niagara Falls?"

"No, I never have, Miss Hurst, but I have always meant to see it some day."

"Oh, well then, you might just as well see it now. Everybody ought to see Niagara Falls as soon as possible. Suppose we go there right now?"

"Fine, but what about Miss Marbury?"

"Oh, she can wait. I couldn't think of letting *you* go back to New York without seeing the Falls."

So we pointed the nose of the Chevrolet due West with my foot in the gas tank splitting the wind for Buffalo. And next afternoon we were there before sundown.

We parked the car and Miss Hurst stood over there by the car because she had seen the Falls many times. You know those falls is a great big thing, so I went right up to the rail to stand there and look. It is monstropolous. It looks like the Pacific Ocean rushing over the edge of the world. But before I could really conceive of the thing, Miss Hurst called me. Mouth all primped up again.

"Zora, you must see this thing from the Canadian side. Let's go over there and get the view. They light it up at night, you know."

In five minutes we had crossed the international bridge and I had to go into a little building right close there to register the car. When I came out, Miss Hurst was almost dancing up and down like a six-year old putting something over on its elders.

"Get in the car, quick, Zora. I think we can make Hamilton before dark!"

So we saw Hamilton, and Kitchener, and Gault, and many another town in Ontario. It took us two weeks, not a minute of which was dull. I cannot remember in which town it was, but in some town in that part of Canada we saw a big sign that said that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the great Arctic explorer and lecturer was speaking on the Chatauqua. So we hunted him up and he gave us free passes to the lectures and they were fine. All about mosquitoes practically eating up dogs beyond the Arctic circle, and how wolves *don't* go in packs.

Then one night Miss Hurst began to make notes and look very studious, and the next morning we were headed for New York state and the city on the Sound. The little girl who had run off to the horizon to hide from her complicated existence was grown up again. The artist was about to birth a book. She had had the fun of running away (who among us has not planned to do that same thing ever since we took off our diapers!) and she had had the fun of fooling me off to go along with her.

Fannie Hurst is a blend of woman and author. You can't separate the two things in her case. Nature must have meant it to be that way. Most career women are different. Their profession is like oil on water. You can see where one stops and the other begins. And then again some women writers are writers and some of them are women. Anytime, day or night, you run across Fannie Hurst you can see and feel her womanhood. And if you read her, you are going to find out that she is an author.

Zora Neale Hurston, for many years Fannie Hurst's amanuensis, has written several books about her own people, including "Jonah's Gourd Vine" and "Their Eyes Were Watching God."

Novels in Outline

WE ARE TEN. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by ISABEL WILDER

EACH of the ten short stories in this volume—it is from the number of tales in the collection that the book takes its title—would make a complete novel. That is not to say each one is merely a synopsis of a fully developed plot. Miss Hurst is too expert both as novelist and short story writer to err in this respect. But each has within the limits of its few thousand words the stuff out of which long fiction is made.

Once again Miss Hurst is shown as one whose eye is quick to catch every gesture, whose ear is ready to receive and record the idiomatic speech of the day. Her curiosity about life and her zest for it are almost overwhelming, and very contagious.

There is nothing pretty in this volume; prettiness and charm are apt to turn to lushness. Tenderness and gentility emerge here and there in a characterization. Beauty in its different phases is dreamed of and sought after, sometimes knowingly, more often blindly. Happiness, like beauty, is allowed to some, but only to be quickly taken away again. Weakness is pitted against strength; goodness against evil.

One could argue that this is the cloth of melodrama, not true drama. Yet the retort need not even be made in words for with a gesture one could point to the latest copy of the morning newspaper with its crop of fresh murders and suicides and desperate accidents. What Miss Hurst has done is to give with her story teller's skill and insight a three dimensional quality to merely reported front page news.

Isabel Wilder's second novel, "Let Winter Go," was among the publications of the summer.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XII. Pull Up The Puff

IT is the close of Uncle Pan's dinner party. The guests, by Trojan custom, sit down one side of a long table; except the two of highest honor, King Priam and Queen Hecuba, who have their places at the ends. Queen Hecuba, at the foot of the board, has Pandarus round the corner at her right. From Pandarus upward they sit in order thus: Helen, Aeneas, Antigone, Deiphobus, Andromache, Paris, Creusa, Hector, and Cressida. And so Cressida is next to King Priam, on his left.

Evidently the host has been making a speech of courtesy, and in formal meter as demanded by ceremony. There is polite clapping by the guests. Dares, the butler, has been passing along the line filling glasses. Pandarus concludes:—

. . . . But soft, I grow verbose. In goblets flush
I crave your kind attention. Here is health
To crown and doublecrown our little feast:
So, friends, the King and Queen!

(*More polite applause*)

PRIAM—My lord, and fellow guests, the Queen and I
Are copious of your gracious plenitude
And fed with wit as well as provender.
Now let us doff the formal; let our talk
Be casual, and in unconsidered prose.
. . . It was delightful of you to have us all here, and especially for so pleasant a purpose. My dear (to Cressida) you're not going to shut yourself up any longer. We want to see something of you.

(As the talk becomes general, we can't help overhearing scraps of conversation along the table)

HECTOR—(to Creusa)—There wouldn't have *been* any war if we'd had a proper army. The only way to avoid war is to be prepared for it.

ANDROMACHE (to Paris)—Helen looks so perfectly lovely. How does she manage to keep her skin so dazzling. . . . (She checks herself from saying "after all these years") . . . . She has the most beautiful neck.

PARIS—She takes after her father. You must remember, he was The Swan.

DEIPHOBUS (to Antigone) — Epsilon 2112. I never forget a number. What are you doing Saturday?

AENEAS (to Helen) — If I ever get a chance, it's certainly going to be one of those Mediterranean cruises.

PANDARUS (to Hecuba)—I wouldn't be surprised, that property out towards Ida's going to be valuable. I could cut the King in on some lots at a bottom figure.

HECUBA — I wish you would. It's so hard, with such a big family, to make ends meet. I kept warning Priam we ought not to have so many, but he's terribly persevering. Of course, as a bachelor, you wouldn't understand.

PANDARUS (to Helen) — Who started the legend that bachelors never understand? (to the table at large) I've got a little surprise for you all. I asked Princess Cassandra to come to dinner, but she pointed out that would mean thirteen at table—

PRIAM—I shouldn't think a little more bad luck would bother her. She's prophesied all there is already.

HELEN—It makes me feel rather uncomfortable. She always implies that it's all my fault. I can't help it if I'm—I mean, if I was made the way I am.

HECUBA — Poor Cassie: she's always been our problem child. It was such a mistake for her to major in, what does she call it, eschatology. I always say, there's enough trouble in the world as it is without looking into the future. Besides, all that business with entrails and sacrifices, it doesn't seem quite nice.

PRIAM—You're right. When I was young I went on a campaign against the Amazons and that cured me of professional women. Women's place is in the home.

HELEN—Yes, but in *whose* home?

PANDARUS—I started to say, Cassandra promised to come in after dinner, with Troilus.

HECUBA—(She has taken out her knitting) That's nice. I didn't know the boy was back in town.

PANDARUS—He's coming specially for our party. He phoned me, his arm's all right again.

HECUBA — Well, I'm glad to know. I never see him any more since he left the palace. He took lodgings somewhere to be on his own. The younger generation is so independent. I don't suppose he gets his clothes mended, or regular meals, or proper sleep; and he was always delicate.

HECTOR—He doesn't look delicate out on the field, mother; you ought to see him.

HECUBA—Of all the children, those two are the hardest to understand. Priam, I don't know what we can have been thinking of. Maybe they got mixed somehow, born together like that. Here's Cassandra, uses such terrible language, really I don't believe the broadcasting station understands it or they'd cut her off; and Troilus was always such a gentle little thing. Do you remember, Father, how he used to play with dolls?

DEIPHOBUS—He don't seem to care for 'em grown up.

HECUBA—I tried so hard to give them all the right training and eat their cereal; of course I know Cassie's affliction is embarrassing, that mind-reading habit; she knows exactly what everyone thinks and naturally it upsets her; and now here's Troilus gotten so unsocial and conscientious, I don't think it's good for a young man to be so thoughtful and it don't seem natural in this family. All the rest of you were so normal, he really ought to—

PRIAM—Excuse me, Mother, I think Pandarus was trying to say something.

PANDARUS—No hurry, no hurry. Well, if you insist, I was thinking you might enjoy a little music. I asked Cressida to bring her harp, and Antigone is going to sing for us.

HECUBA—That's very kind of you, my dears, it really is. Cressida, your uncle tells me you compose.

CRESSIDA—Only a little, your Majesty; for my own pleasure, when I find something I like very much.

ANTIGONE—She's done this lovely setting for a new song, Lord Pandarus wrote it himself.

HECUBA—You mustn't be offended if I drowse; music after meals always puts me to sleep.

(Dares brings the harp forward; they are about to begin when Cassandra and Troilus enter. There are no special symptoms of "eschatology" about Cassandra except shell spectacles.)

PANDARUS—Oh, good; here they are, just in time.

CASSANDRA—Surely. We wanted to get here before the storm.

PRIAM — Storm? This bright evening? Nonsense, child.

(Cassandra shrugs with a take-it-or-leave-it air. She is accustomed to disbelief. She and Troilus dutifully salute their parents.)

HECUBA—You make me think of my old mother. She was always saying to us children, "Pull up the puff, a storm's coming." A puff was what country folks used to call a quilt or counterpane.

CASSANDRA—Pull it up then, darling; all the way to your chin.

PANDARUS—You know everybody, of course; except my niece, Cressida, and her friend Antigone. My dear, this is Princess Cassandra; and Captain Troilus.

HECUBA—Glad to see you, boy. Sit down by your old matriarch. Everything all right?

TROILUS—Just fine, mother.

HECUBA—You've still got your arm in a sling.

TROILUS—That's mostly swank. It's all right.

Pandarus signals to Antigone to go ahead. Please don't be too critical, she

(*Continued on page* 34)

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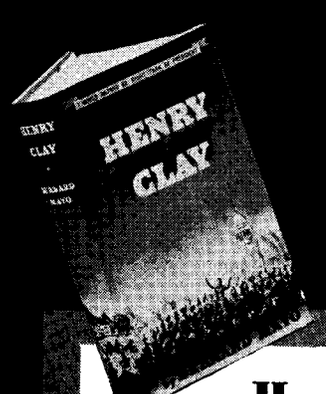
Clelie Benton Huggins

Previous Fellowship Books — "Spanish Prelude" by



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Point

On an ancient Creole plantation lost i
Louisiana, enclosed on three sides by th
sluggish bayou, lived the Sevignes, th
strangest family with which a child geniu
ever peopled the marvelous landscape of he
dreams. Paul Sevigne, the father, had frigh
ened his children and his wife till the
seemed like shadows. Yet except for th
gentle Simon, with his eighteenth centur
manners, the children had his strength, bu
it had turned inward to destroy them. Hawl
faced Valentine loved Point Noir so muc
that she could not leave nor permit anyon
else to escape. Dark-skinned Felix, with h
devil's face and his pitying heart, saw th
waste of all their lives, and could find n
peace till for a moment he found it in th
wide golden eyes of Vera, the school teache

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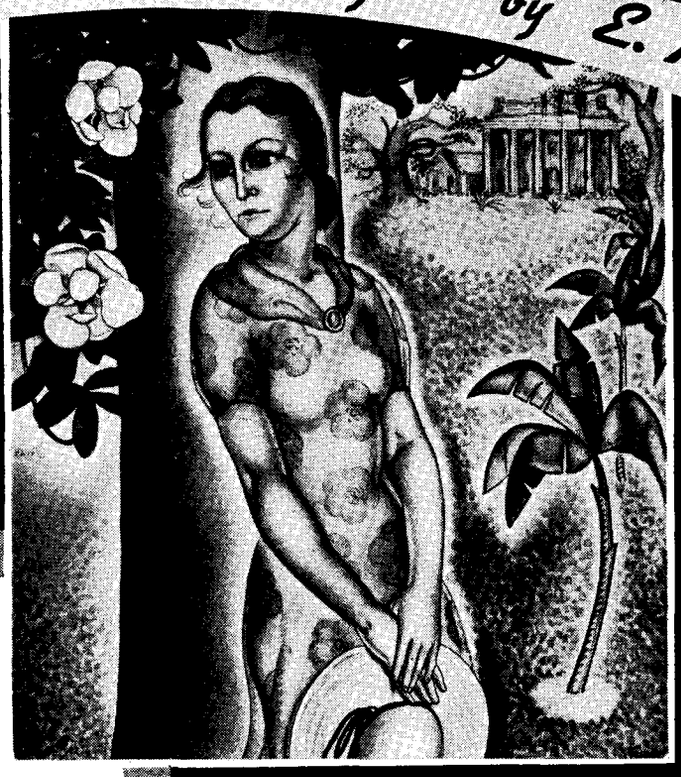
Fellowship Prize Novel

Jenny Ballou .... "Green Margins" by E. P. O'Donnell



Noir

But Simon's child, the small Ange-Marie, was her grandfather all over again — ruthless, violent, impatient, avid for life.

Clelie Huggins was nineteen years old when she started POINT NOIR. The daughter of an engineer, she has spent a vagabond childhood, much of it in the tropics. But her mother came of an old Creole family and her brightest memories were of days on the Louisiana plantation.

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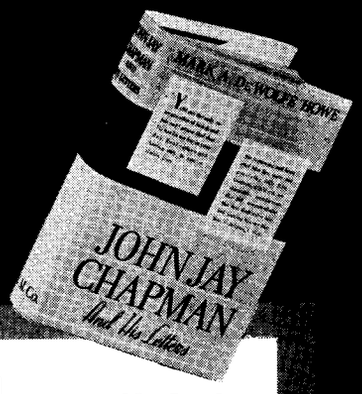

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Last week *The Inner Sanctum* published *The Arts*, the story of painting and sculpture and architecture and music, as well as the so-called minor arts, from the days of the cave man until the present time, done into a single volume by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

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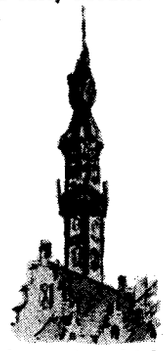

The Arts is a book built for immediate pleasure and lasting utility. Every American home in which the sense of beauty is nursed and encouraged, not scorned and rejected, will draw inspiration and knowledge from its pages.

ESSANDESS.

Writing for Money

(*Continued from page* 4)

Such limiting conditions make for conventionality—and therefore put a premium on novelty, novelty of character, of situation, of locale, of presentation. The story that will always sell is the story of what the editors call "young love" (the story of personal risk in a good cause is probably second, the one which gives an inside view of some unfamiliar but interesting occupation probably third, and "young married stuff" fourth)—but if boy meets girl in some place or gets girl in some circumstance hitherto unemployed, it will sell faster and for higher pay. The slicks have an alert and topical news sense. Last week a story appeared which utilized the Duke University experiments in "extra-sensory perception" (reviewed on page 5) and that immediacy illustrates the effort for new things. There has been a "young love" story in a bathysphere and you may confidently expect one in an iron lung. There have been stories flagrantly based on Lindbergh's Atlantic flight and on the kidnapping of his son, stories of Everest expeditions, of collapse on the tennis court, of identifiable bankruptcies and frauds, of every eight-column headline. The slicks like formula stories and they like stories which escape from formula, but most steadily they like stories in which the easily recognizable or the long familiar is given a setting and a twist it never had before.

Nevertheless, though the greater part of slick fiction is superficial and conventional, the best of it has many virtues. Not all human emotion is complex or profound and not all experience is frightening or disgusting. At its highest level, the slick story is gay, ironical, sophisticated, adventurous, immensely entertaining or exciting. It has a shrewdness of its own and it is the vehicle of some of the sharpest observation of the contemporary scene, especially contemporary manners and fashions, that is to be found in our fiction. Its realism, though light and shallow, is frequently quite as good as any in the contemporary novel. You will not encounter realism about homosexuality, let us say, or strikebreaking or adultery, but you will find superb realism about women at matinees or literary clubs or the A. & P., men in the locker-room or the bar or the commuters' car, married people worrying about expenses or the children's diseases, adolescents adjusting themselves to the high-school world. In many of the trades and businesses, in many of the common activities and minor relationships of life, and especially in fashions of behavior and belief and amusements, the best slick fiction is frequently better than any except the very best novels. The historian is going to recover the surface of American life—at least of middle class life—much more fully and with less distortion from the slicks than from the novel of our day. The slicks render the surface more honestly, more accurately, and with greater respect. The slick writer, unlike the novelist, is penalized if he loads his dice.

Unlike the novelist, also, he is forced to master his medium. Serious fiction would be greatly improved if every novelist could be required to serve an apprenticeship as rigorous as the slick writer's. There are occasional meteors who make the *Post* with their first story and have no trouble thereafter, but most slick writers travel a long and laborious way. An experienced writer of novels (or of the boneless stuff that *Story* prints) can learn to write slick stories after a year or so of assiduous practice, and ought to be able to sell ninety percent of his work after three years. But writing for the slicks is a skilled craft which must be studied seriously, and there is no way of shortening the learning process.

It is a craft which requires exactness, compression, flexibility of intelligence, and versatility of style. The writer must do his job under the tyranny of space limitations, and he must be crystal clear. He must learn to do without inessentials and he must think things through—he can afford neither the verbosity nor the vagueness that sometimes create reputations in the novel. He must practise an economy of means that would seem parsimony to the most conscientious novelist. He must master form—the effects of the slick story result from a technique as intricate and interdependent as that of the sonnet. And he is held to his job as, in the circumstances of our publishing system, no novelist is held to his. If a given scene can be done in three hundred words, a novelist may fumble it through three thousand—or may let the first, sloppy approximation slide into the book. Very few publishers, none if he is an important novelist, will discipline him. There is another publisher around the corner—and the difference doesn't show in a novel of a hundred thousand words, the reader may skip the passage if he wants to, and if fifty thousand people won't buy the book, why, five thousand will. But in the slick story, that job must be done in three hundred words. If it isn't, there will be no sale at all. And there can be no contradictions, no opaque places where the writer isn't quite sure but maybe the reader will be, and no debauches of beautiful but irrelevant rhetoric. If book publishers held novelists to standards of workmanship as high as those uniformly enforced by the editors of the slicks, fewer novels would be published and fewer novels would be flops.

The writer who thinks he will just toss off a story for the *Post* gets it back because his craftsmanship is bad. He is usually too contemptuous to study the form he is trying to work in, and may

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Writing for Money

(*Continued from page* 20)

go on for years sending in misconceived and flabby stuff and confirming his belief that the editors are enemies of art. But the writer who masters the craft has a dependable profession which is but little subject to the fluctuations that affect both business and art. His professional risks are obsolescence and formula. Fashions in amusement are short-lived, and the slick writer must not be superior to the popular taste by which he supports himself. Formula, the mechanical solution of mechanically composed situations, is not as common in the slicks as it is in the anthologies and the little magazines, but the possibility of writing it is always present. Sure-fire stuff will succeed for a while and is a great labor-saver, but it soon makes a writer incapable of anything else, and the impersonal editors discard him for writers who are more ingenious and more versatile.

There is no conflict between writing for the slicks and writing serious fiction. True, any time spent writing a slick story is time which cannot be spent writing a psychological novel, but so is time spent earning a living in any other way. The slick writer is not debasing himself or prostituting his art. He cannot expend his profundity, forthrightness, and subtlety in magazine stories, but working in an office, writing for a newspaper, or correcting freshmen themes sets the same limitation on him. Within the areas of experience which the slick story touches, he can utilize all the shrewdness, humor, observation, intelligence, and skill that he possesses. He will enjoy himself more and exhaust himself less than he would in an office job, and he will have more time for the work that most interests him.

Furthermore, he will gain a good deal. He will learn economy, clearness, compression, and polish; and he will learn a lot about sheer style. Serious fiction in America owes the slicks a sizable debt for having made better writers of a considerable number of novelists. And finally, the man who is making a comfortable living from the magazines will not feel a pressure that degrades some of our most ambitious fiction. His serious novels do not have to be aimed at the box-office: he is free to write them as he pleases.

But though the writer of serious fiction may easily learn to make good money from the slicks, he cannot achieve the largest incomes I mentioned earlier. The big money comes from serials, and the biggest money from serials in the women's magazines. Prices of thirty thousand dollars and above are confined almost exclusively to those magazines, and they are paid for a particular kind of fiction. Here the slick story ceases to be merely entertainment. It becomes a confirmation of the myths, ideas, beliefs, and philosophy of life of the popular audience. No one who has not got that philosophy can borrow or counterfeit it. The slick writers of the highest bracket (they are practically all women) believe firmly in the moral overtones of their stuff, which are what give it cash value. They believe that courage and loyalty are enough, that to struggle hopefully is better than to arrive, that you will nevertheless arrive if you struggle hopefully, that natural goodness wins in the end, that truth crushed to earth will rise again and very profitably, that virtue triumphs after temptation and tribulation, that human nature is warmed and illuminated by a spark of the divine. They devote the formidable skill of the slick writer to vindicating such sentiments, and since the popular audience shares the sentiments and desperately wants them vindicated, they cash in. It is idle to quarrel with or express superiority to these simplicities. In all ages they are what the popular audience has most wanted from literature and what it has most rewarded. The women's magazines, and the slicks in general, merely canalize the popular taste.

No labor, ingenuity, or conscientiousness will enable a writer to produce this kind of fiction unless he naturally possesses the sentiments out of which it is made. If he has them he will not, I take it, be a writer of serious fiction, and if he lacks them he must adapt himself to the penury of from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year. Don Marquis said it once and for all, years ago, in "Preface to the Novels of Harold Bell Wright." "It is," Don said, "it is Moral Worth that gets the Mazuma. And it can't be faked."

A Note on the Cover

The pictures on the cover, supplied by the Bettmann Archive of New York City, represent reading under practically all circumstances. Their sources are various. The medieval drawing at the upper left shows monks singing before a pulpit (the fact that many singers had to use a single book explains its large size). The man with the umbrella, "Reading During a Heat Wave," is from a wood engraving published in Paris, 1844. Upper right, English restaurant scene, c. 1835. Second row: the gentleman with the tankard is a German official of the 1830s; the smoker in the middle is from a French caricature: the bedroom scene, right, is a Daumier, captioned "He reads loudly about love, and she is contemplating silently." The slanted pictures in the center of the cover represent, respectively, Don Quixote with his medieval romancer (illustration by Doré), and Ramelli's Reading Machine. The skaters, below, are from another Doré engraving, and the dinner-table scene is another Daumier: "Day and night he reads—that's how he keeps me amused." Gentleman and horse, "The Near-Sighted Reader," from Deutsche Narhalla. The other pictures, unidentified here, are uncaptioned drawings, but their subjects are self-evident.

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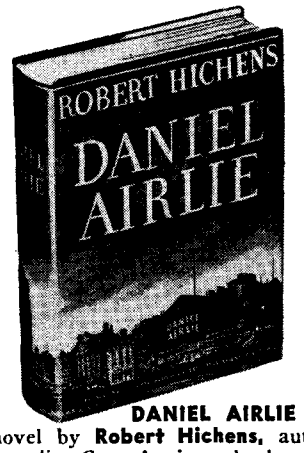

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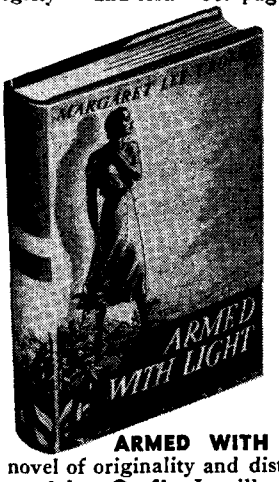

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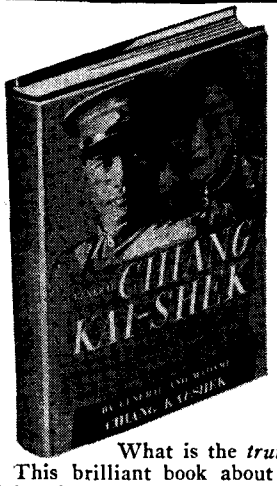

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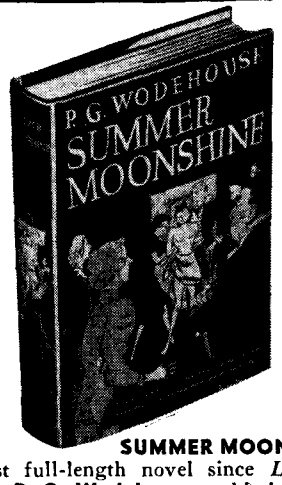

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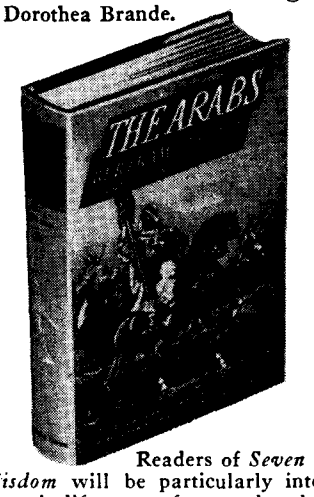

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Unfamiliar Quotations from Current and Forthcoming Books

The Paisanos of Tortilla Flat

Literary slummers have taken these people up with the vulgarity of duchesses who are amused and sorry for a peasantry. These stories are out, and I cannot recall them. But I shall never again subject to the vulgar touch of the *decent* these good people of laughter and kindness, of honest lusts and direct eyes, of courtesy beyond politeness. If I have done them harm by telling a few of their stories, I am sorry. It will not happen again.

—JOHN STEINBECK, Foreword to "Tortilla Flat" (The Modern Library).

Fairy Tales

The more interested a man is in himself, the greater liar he becomes. Autobiographies are fairy tales.

—"John Jay Chapman and His Letters," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe (Houghton Mifflin).

Emotions and Prophets

My own nature, as it happens, is on the whole phlegmatic, and, in consequence, I have the greatest difficulty in entering into the experiences of those whose emotions are easily and violently aroused. Before such works of art as "Werther," for example, or "Women in Love," or the "Prophetic Books" of William Blake I stand admiring, but bewildered. I don't know why people should be shaken by such tempests of emotion on provocation, to my mind, so slight. Reading through the Prophetic Books not long ago, I noticed that certain words, such as "howling," "cloud," "stormy," "shriek" occurred with extraordinary frequency. My curiosity was aroused; I made a pencil mark in the margin every time one of these words occurred. Adding up the score at the end of a morning's reading, I found that the average worked out to something like two howls and a tempest to every page of verse. The Prophetic Books are, of course, symbolic descriptions of psychological states. What must have been the mentality of a man for whom thunder, lightning, clouds and screams seemed the most appropriate figures of speech for describing his ordinary thoughts and feelings? For my own part, I simply cannot imagine.

—ALDOUS HUXLEY, "Ends and Means" (Harpers).

Music and Logic

The gravest charge against mechanical music is that it tends to separate the art still farther from the lives of the American people, making it a mere accessory to other pleasures. . . . People began to foresee the time when the practice of music would be confined to a handful of highly skilled professionals, playing in broadcasting studios or before recording apparatus in talking-machine factories.

I confess that for some years I was one who entertained this view, forgetting that the mere fact that it is logical is pretty good evidence that it is false. For in this illogical world that which is patently inevitable practically never happens.

—GERALD W. JOHNSON, "A Little Night-Music" (Harpers).

Beyond the Horizon

For literature, it cannot too often be said, has expressed only a limited amount of the experience of men, and one of the ways for revealing in words a wider area of life is first of all to envisage something that has been left out of literary expression, and then, if necessary, to invent new technical devices for expressing this.

—MARY M. COLUM, "From These Roots" (Scribners).

Tony

I looked up at Tony where he stood so serious, sure, and strong. For the first time in my life I had discovered I could trust someone always and that I could be trustworthy to someone always and that this would be true in spite of anything we could do!

He bent a firm, gentle look down upon me and held out his hand, and I took it.

"I comin' here to this tepee tonight," he said, "when darkness here. That be right?"

"Yes, Tony," I said, "that will be right."

And it was right.

—MABEL DODGE LUHAN, "Edge of Taos Desert" (Harcourt, Brace).

Noise

The ape, unimpressed with the range and volume of the human voice, would nevertheless be appalled at its incessant utilization . . . Man's human wants are not radically unlike those of other animals. Why, then, does he eternally discuss his animalistic affairs, preserving a decent silence but once a year, for two minutes, on Armistice Day?

—E. A. HOOTON, "Apes, Men and Morons" (Putnam).

Good Theatre

Audiences don't reason from the abstract to the concrete. As a matter of fact, they reason, if at all, only after the performance. Show them an individual and tell them that he is a type, and they won't believe you. Call him an individual, and it is just possible that later, if you have done your work well as a dramatist, they will go out telling each other that he is a type. Thousands of people have decided that Candida is a perfect expression of a certain protective, mothering instinct in women. If Shaw had dramatized the instinct, and forgotton to call it "Candida," it is highly probably that those thousands would have stayed away from the theatre with disconcerting unanimity.

—DEEMS TAYLOR, "Of Men and Music" (Simon & Schuster).

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What has REALLY been happening in Russia?

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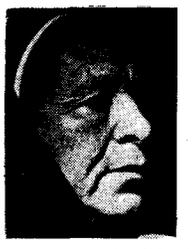
Mabel Dodge Luhan's
EDGE OF TAOS DESERT



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Gosnell is the author of *Negro Politicians* (1935 Anisfield award winner), *Boss Platt and His New York Machine*, etc.

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A Reader's Almanac

(*Continued from page 14*)

for each word. ☞Medium Q., our fairly Deep Southerner, says don't forget *Jefferson Davis*, a biography by Robert McElroy. ☞Which is followed the next day (Oct. 21) by *The Life of Henry Clay*, by G. G. Van Deusen, and by *Thirteen O'Clock*, collection of stories "of several worlds," by Stephen Vincent Benét.

OCTOBER 22

☞*Enchanter's Nightshade*, by Ann Bridge. Has been running in the *Atlantic*. ☞*Eternal Flight*, by Lotte Lehmann. First novel by the famous singer: a story of the theatre.

OCTOBER 26

☞*Augustus*, by John Buchan. Excellent biography of the first Roman Emperor: fine study of statesmanship by a man who understands political experience. ☞*The Big Firm*, by Amabel Williams-Ellis, novel of English business world by daughter of St. Loe Strachey (once misprinted Lt.-Col. Strachey by this periodical). ☞Speaking of politics, about this time we rather expect bad news (and plenty of it) from Asia. Wise booksellers keep an eye open for *Japan Over Asia*, by W. H. Chamberlin, due November 5.

OCTOBER 28

☞*Heinrich Heine: Paradox and Poet*, by Louis Untermeyer. A book for which L. U. has spent years of preparation. ☞*America South*, by Carleton Beals. This, and *South by Thunderbird*, by Hudson Strode, of certain interest to the increasing number of *aficionados* now learning about our sister continent.

OCTOBER 29

☞*Rumbin Galleries*, by Booth Tarkington. The most skilful of American humorists turns his spotlight on a new field of comedy: the merchants of art. ☞And, appropriately, *A World History of Art*, by Sheldon Cheney, to be followed in early November by *Architecture and Modern Life*, by Baker Brownell and Frank Lloyd Wright.

OCTOBER 31

☞Hallowe'en. Old Q. carves pumpkins to look like the faces of indignant publishers. Medium Q. has nightmare about important books not listed in this almanac. ☞*The Rest of My Life*, Carolyn Wells's hearty autobiography, getting good notices. ☞Ditto *Men, Women and Tenors*, by Frances Alda, which the publishers call "rowdy, witty, lusty." ☞The whole trade turning tapsalteeries to get ready for the Book Fairs—in New York, Boston, Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, etc. ☞And speaking of turnings, *The Turning Wheels*, by Stuart Cloete (Nov. 2), is the Book-of-the-Month. Plenty of chance for coincidence rivalry between this and Brett Young's *They Seek a Country*, both novels on same theme. The Quercuses are divided in their opinion which is the better book.

NOVEMBER 1

☞All Saints' Day—Old Q. much flattered. *This Is Our World*, by Paul B. Sears. ☞*Great Contemporaries*, by Winston Churchill. ☞On Nov. 2, *The Professional Thief*, edited by Edwin H. Sutherland. A sociological study: wonder if it takes up the sad story of book thieves. ☞Also *Man, Bread & Destiny*, by C. C. Furnas and S. M. Furnas, history through the alimentary canal. ☞Gertrude Stein's *Everybody's Autobiography;* like Alice B. Toklas, it makes sense. ☞Nov. 4, *Forgotten Lady*, by Norval Richardson. "Smooth satiny sensitiveness" says the publisher.

NOVEMBER 5

☞*New York Times Book Fair* opens (until Nov. 21). ☞A new volume of *Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters*, by Ray Stannard Baker. ☞*My Scottish Youth*, by Bruce Lockhart. ☞*The Pieces of a Fan*, short stories by Vincent Sheean.

NOVEMBER 8

☞Boston Book Fair opens. ☞*Imperial City*, by Elmer Rice: a good story swamped in quagmire of New York behaviorism; a pity. ☞Also about this date, *New York, City of Cities*, by Hulbert Footner: an observant study of the big town, both pangs and pulchritudes; richly illustrated with Floherty's photographs.

NOVEMBER 9

☞*South of Hitler*, by M. W. Fodor. This will interest Il Duce. ☞*Of Men and Music*, by Deems Taylor: vividly written human-side-of-musicians.

NOVEMBER 10

☞*Journalist's Wife*, by Lilian Mowrer. The wife of E. A. Mowrer (the younger of the 2 well-known Mowrer boys of Bloomington, Ill.) tells a grand tale of being married to a war correspondent.

NOVEMBER 11

☞Armistice Day—unless everybody is at War by then. Old Q. cultivates his garden, and spends the day studying the new edition of *Bartlett's Quotations*. For diversion, advance copy of *The Crooked Coronet*, stories by Michael Arlen: his first book in three years. ☞Wishes he had an editorial copy of the reprint of Audubon's *Birds of America*, a gorgeous Christmas gift. ☞Finds, among books he should have mentioned: *The Green Grape* by Simonne Ratel, a subtle and ironic story translated from the French: suggests what happened to the generation of war children who became premature sophisticates. Original, witty, deft in all the finer shades. ☞*The Third Hour*, by Geoffrey Household. A quite remarkable wide-ranging novel, which will surprise its readers. It made Old Q. eager to found a monastery. ☞*On Borrowed Time*, by Lawrence Watkin, fantasy pushed rather too far, but still a good deal of penetrating suggestion, fresh feeling and vigor. ☞A delightful autobiog-

(*Continued on page 28*)

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A key to the mysteries of clairvoyance and telepathy that have puzzled men for centuries . . .

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by J. B. RHINE

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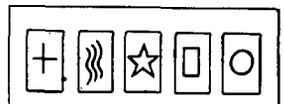

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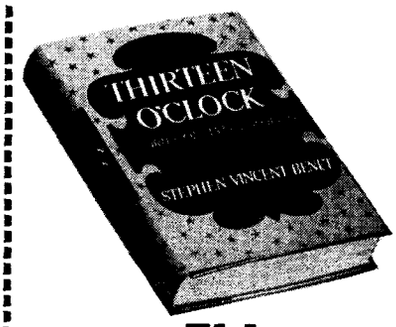

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By JULIAN SCOTT BRYAN. Hints on the game of living successfully. With a foreword by *Elmer Davis.* $1.00.

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A DOL BONNER MYSTERY, *By REX STOUT.* "Dol Bonner should be welcomed with cheers. She's a worthy young sister to Nero Wolfe."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00.

The Black Envelope

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A Reader's Almanac

(*Continued from page 26*)

raphy of a Korean youth who came to this country, *East Goes West*, by Younghill Kang. ☞*The Importance of Living*, by Lin Yutang (November), thoughts on the good life by the author of *My Country and My People*.

☞Medium Q. in a terrible stew says these books deserve your looks. ☞*This Is My Story*, by Eleanor Roosevelt. ☞*Roosevelt—And Then?* by Stanley High. ☞*Ends and Means*, by Aldous Huxley—not a novel, but an inquiry into ideals and how to make them work. ☞*The Hurricane's Children*, more American folklore by Carl Carmer. ☞*Slogum House*, the Nebraska frontier again, by Mari Sandoz, daughter of Old Jules. ☞*American Memory*, by Henry Beston, an anthology of history on the spot. ☞*Dawn in Lyonesse*, short novel by Mary Ellen Chase, who wrote *Mary Peters*. ☞*Pepita*, by V. Sackville-West, life of, not with, Mother, now running in *The New Yorker*. ☞*Last Flight*, the unfinished record of Amelia Earhart's final trip, edited by her husband. ☞*Your Money and Your Life*, by Gilbert Seldes: what's the gov't. doing with them?

☞Other unusual books are in train for late November, but several publication dates still subject to change. ☞Among them three American autobiographies: *A Poet's Life*, by Harriet Monroe; *The World at My Shoulder*, by Eunice Tietjens; and *Art Young, His Life and Time*.

NOVEMBER 26

☞*Madame Curie*, by Eve Curie (her daughter). This is sure to rouse much intelligent interest. ☞Also *The Washington Correspondents*, by Leo C. Rosten.

DECEMBER 1

☞*Letters to Philippa*, by Dorothea Brande. ☞And, probably about this date, Charles Allen Smart's deeply considered and charmingly written account of life on an Ohio farm, which has been chosen as a Book-of-the-Month but exact date not yet fixed. This book is now called *R. F. D.*, was earlier announced as *Invitation to the Country*.

☞*A great many books have been omitted from this behind-the-arras purview: some by accident, others not. We can have another check-up in the Christmas Issue, dated December 4.*

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE AFFAIR OF THE HEAVENLY VOICE *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Famed detective-story writer and her students confronted by actual and baffling crimes, solve them according to approved rules.	Extra-cleverly plotted, richly characterized, satisfactorily spooky, and capped with a shrewdly devised climax that stumps both killer and reader.	Tops
THE BLACK ENVELOPE: MR. PINKERTON AGAIN *David Frome* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Mr. Pinkerton stumbles over murder of ancient female plutocrat in Brighton Pavilion; this time, Insp. Bull solves it single-handed.	Verbosity and double point of view only blemishes on expert puzzler, distinguished by excellent characterization.	Very good job
THE CASTLE ISLAND CASE *Van Wyck Mason* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Two luckless gals meet death in Bermuda but Roger Allenby is there and their killer is brought to book.	Plenitude of candid camera shots (by H. C. Gipson) add zest to thriller more highly seasoned than most.	Picturesque
DEATH FOR DEAR CLARA *Q. Patrick* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Lady "literary agent" with unidentifiable racket slain by one of small army of suspects satisfactorily sifted by investigator Trant.	High-tension melodrama with ultra-sophisticated characters, suave sleuthing, and much crisp chatter.	Recommended
FOUND FLOATING *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Poisoned wine at dinner party fails, so killer tries a subtler method: but Inspector French is too keen for him.	Air-tight plot, shrewd deduction, and pleasant travelogue bits about pre-Franco Spain struggle vainly against soporific story.	On the dull side
THE ACE OF KNAVES *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Three novelettes featuring Simon Templar, his "gorilla" henchman Hoppy Uniatz, and the much put-upon Inspector Teal.	Egyptians of nasty varieties cleverly spoiled by debonair and irrepressible "Saint," to amazement and discomfiture of police.	Slick

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Henry Holt & Company: Fall Books

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The Harp that Once—

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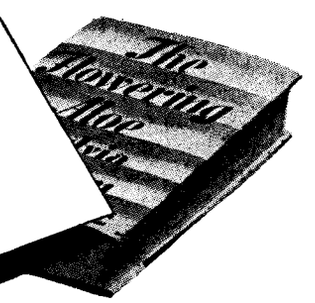

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A dramatic story of two lovers who struggle to find happiness during the dangerous early days of Soviet Russia. In atmosphere and character portrayal, this unusual novel is directly comparable to the best work of Chekhov and Turgenev. $1.75. *Just published.*

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY New York. Canada: Oxford University Press, Toronto

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Bonsal of the Balkans

HEYDAY IN A VANISHED WORLD. By Stephen Bonsal. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE foreign correspondent may be a romantic fellow with his candle burning at both ends and in the middle, but he does not always die—or deliver himself of valedictory memoirs—young. Mr. Stephen Bonsal, "Bonsal of the Balkans," began his career as foreign correspondent for the *New York Herald* fifty years ago, before our Gunthers and Sheeans were born, and carried on until after the World War. Now, encouraged perhaps by the success of his younger colleagues with their personal reminiscences, he has set down in a style quite as lively and immediate as theirs his own youthful experiences. Readers who have enjoyed getting inside Europe with our bright young men ought to enjoy getting inside Mr. Bonsal's not quite vanished world at least as much. Here is history with the "story" unobscured by sociological or economic preoccupations. Here are men and women, New York, London, Paris, Vienna, and the Balkans at the turn of the century, all lighted up with anecdote and undimmed with theory.

Mr. Bonsal's book makes fine ranging, but it is almost impossible to epitomize, for it wanders freely over Europe with its author, whose movements were determined by the unpredictable eccentricities of his employer, James Gordon Bennett. Mr. Bennett, cruising at large on his yacht, would suddenly be struck with the idea that the next great center of world-news would be the desert shrine of the Senussi Mahdi, or Sofia, or the councils of the menacing German Social Democrats, and Mr. Bonsal would be packed off on some new quest. None of his chapters is dull, but perhaps the most amusing is his account of a Franco-American duel which never came off. Nor did he ever make the projected trip into the North African desert in search of the Senussi Mahdi by which his chief had set such store, but his account of the preparations for the trip makes fascinating reading. So also do his accounts of his painfully secured and never printed interview with Parnell, of the interview with the Austrian Prime Minister Taafe, of the Balkans at their most Balkan, when Belgrade was a hog-wallow and politics even more nearly at the level of the dime-novel than they are now.

It is perhaps a tribute to Mr. Bonsal's skill that the world he describes does not altogether fulfil the promise of the adjective he uses in his title; or perhaps this world has not altogether "vanished" because human beings and human arrangements do not change as completely as the romantic thinks and the revolutionary hopes. There is, perhaps not without the author's conscious contrivance, an archaic flavor of dashing rigs, Viennese waltzes, and champagne-in-the slipper that conforms with our current ideas about the naughty 'nineties. And Mr. Bonsal, no doubt from the wisdom of age, is less conscious than recent writers about Europe of an impending complete crack-up of Western civilization. But, if one bothers to reflect about a book that really deserves to be taken without anything so painful as reflection, one is forced to the not wholly unpleasant conclusion that the dictators, the hatreds, the alarms and excursions, the cruelties and the flying in the face of economic and all other wisdom we see in Europe, and even in America, in 1937 were not wholly without parallel in 1887. The only world that vanishes is Utopia.

A CONFLICT ARISES

in the pages of the N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Fred T. Marsh, in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune "Books", of Sunday, Sept. 26th, says:

. . . Beal has come back to take his chances on going to prison to serve out his twenty-year sentence, to tell his story and the truth as he sees it.

This book is one of the important American autobiographies of the year, written straight out and well written, fearless, plain, with a desperate earnestness which does not exclude balance, sanity and humor. It is disconcertingly pertinent; it is loaded with dynamite.

. . Circumstances have made of him an Ishmael without a country or even a party. But he's the same Beal who was once the white-haired boy to liberal journalism.

. . . To me, "Proletarian Journey" is one of the most moving and pertinent books of our troubled day.

Lewis Gannett, in his column in the New York Herald-Tribune, of Monday, Sept. 27th, says:

Fred E. Beal—the Lawrence, Mass., millhand who rose to fame as the Communist "martyr" of the Gastonia, N. C., strike in 1929, jumped $20,000 bail to flee to Soviet Russia, and hating Russia too, returned to America under a pseudonym, an exile from both capitalism and communism—tells his story in "Proletarian Journey." Beal's is a pathetic story of washed-out romance.

. . . Now he complains that he is without friends. . . . Beal obviously deems his book a significant exposure of Communist racketeering, and that it is; but I doubt if he quite understands the full moral of his own story

At least a part of it is this: Nobody loves a quitter.

PROLETARIAN JOURNEY

by **FRED E. BEAL**

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 184)

THOMAS KYD:
"THE SPANISH TRAGEDY"

Let reason hold you in your wonted joy:
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke;
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak;
And she in time will fall from her disdain
And rue the suff'rance of your friendly pain.

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This is a letter recently received from Christopher Morley

The Author to the Printer

I HAVE finished my book, and the MS goes to you for manufacture.

Writers are usually too shy—or too shrewd—to tell you how they feel on finishing something they have loved. Nietzsche, as he approached madness, did so: there are gorgeous rantings in *Ecce Homo* where he describes his ecstasies of self-crazed applause. And there is the classic passage in Gibbon: "On the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden." He then strolled in an acacia walk with a view of the moon on Lake Leman. His mood, he says, was "sober melancholy."

I suggest no comparisons; neither with the megalomania of Nietzsche nor the calm certainty of Gibbon. Yet my book, and everyone's book, is as dear to me as theirs to them. It would be ill-mannered for you to divine, or for me to confess, its secret scars of thinking, hoping, dreaming, laughing. I can only say, the copy has been read with care. Some of its usages are not in the usual convention. But they are there of purpose; follow copy, please, even where it perturbs. And, where perturbed, you will so indicate (I know of old) with a marginal query. For sometimes the printer too is right. Do you remember the sonnet about printers—

Stiff-grammared men and stubborn in debate,
They teach us to be canny with our tools.

I remind you, as the pages pass in magical transformation through your hands and machines, these words have been loved. They were set down each with its own intention—sometimes in the flush of impulse, sometimes in slow and chill deliberation. Do me, please, a good plain job and no extravaganza. In your choice of type, of paper, of binding cloth, let us not go nifty and French-Casino. If there is to be any pleasure for the reader, may it be in the imagery of word and thought, not in twirls and scallops of typography. Not too much decoration and curlicue. A pox on ornate "bibliophily"; how much harm has been done by the deluxifiers of print. Sometimes one fears that good taste went underground in the 18th century and has only occasionally reappeared. Let us have the decent male simplicity of the Phone Book or the oldtime Latin Grammar. (Even textbooks nowadays some publishers try to smarten up with cheap color-work as crude as lipstick and with a sort of Nell Brinkley skittishness.)

You, as I know by experience, are a practical commercial outfit; and the most genuine "beauty" (by which we mean fitness for purpose) emerges under the rub of practical necessity.

William Dana Orcutt quotes *(In Quest of the Perfect Book)* the instructions of Grolier, the great printer-binder-collector, to the House of Aldus for a book published in 1519:—

All diligence, O most beloved, that this work when it leaves your printing shop may be as correct as possible. The book too should be decent and elegant; and to this will contribute the choice of the paper, the excellence of the type, and the width of the margins. And if this decency and elegance shall increase your expenses, I will refund you entirely.

These, deleting the last clause, are my instructions also. I do not hesitate to mention them, for you are the kind of people who understand.

I shall be with child to see the galleys. . . .

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Making Lincoln President

LINCOLN'S RISE TO POWER. By William E. Baringer. Boston: Little, Brown. 1937. $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

HOW did the Lincoln who was nationally unknown at the beginning of June, 1858, come to be President-elect on the night of November 6, 1860? George Bancroft said in his eulogy after Lincoln's assassination that the finger of God was responsible for his rise. Others have said that the powers he revealed in the "house divided" speech, the debates with Douglas, and the Cooper Union address brought him to the Presidency. Still others have regarded his nomination and election as largely accidental. Mr. Baringer takes a more realistic view. It was the hard, practical work of Lincoln the politician and of a corps of fellow-politicians—David Davis, John M. Palmer, Gustav Koerner, and others—which first made him known to Republican leaders the country over; then gave him the victory over Seward at the Chicago Convention; and finally defeated Douglas and Breckinridge for the Presidency. Every maneuver, trick, and wile known to politics, as well as a display of masterly wisdom and firmness on the issues of the day, went into making Lincoln President.

This volume, centering upon the two and a half years between Lincoln's nomination for the Senate and his election as President, is a capable and useful summary of a mass of evidence previously in print. Nothing absolutely new is turned up. But never before has the subject been treated in such detail; never before have all the data available in monographs, biographies, memoirs, letters, newspapers, etc., been brought together and analyzed. Beveridge would have done it had he lived, but his pen virtually stopped with 1858. Mr. Baringer's book therefore closes a real gap. What it does is to tell the interesting and illuminating story of the unsleeping effort, the adroit strategy, that brought Lincoln to the helm. He was at first reluctant; everyone recalls his statement to Henry Villard, "Just think of such a sucker as me as President!" If he encouraged talk of himself as Presidential timber, it was because it forwarded his Senatorial ambitions. But as stray editors and politicians took him up, he caught fire. The year 1859 found him giving unwonted parties in Springfield; buying control of a German newspaper there; preparing the Lincoln - Douglas debates for publication; speaking half a dozen times in Illinois cities; and making other speeches in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas. Before 1859 ended he had written his autobiography for campaign purposes and was rejoicing that Chicago had been made the convention city. His hat was in the center of the ring.

More than half of Mr. Baringer's book goes to the Chicago Convention and its preliminaries. Lincoln's friends faced doughty enemies; Seward's manager, Thurlow Weed, and Bates's managers, the Blairs, could make mincemeat of amateur politicians. But Norman Judd and David Davis proved more than a match for all opponents. Even Jim Farley could learn something from this presentation of their methods. The way in which Judd organized the Illinois Republicans; then as national committeeman carried the convention to Chicago; then planned the stop-Seward strategy; then brought crowds of Lincolnites to Chicago by excursion rates; then seated the delegations so that New York was placed on the outskirts, while Pennsylvania and New Jersey were put between Illinois and Indiana to be converted; and finally packed the galleries on the crucial day with Lincoln shouters holding counterfeit tickets—all this was masterly. It is true that Lincoln had strokes of luck. But in the last analysis the Railsplitter was nominated by the efforts of himself and three or four of the shrewdest politicians Illinois has ever produced.

Mr. Baringer's full, accurate, and well-documented book has just one grievous fault: it is written in the most baroque type of journalese. Having studied Lincoln's rise so effectively, he should have given a little additional attention to Lincoln's style.

SALLY LUNN

By LEO WALMSLEY

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

A Man to Know

JOHN. Irene Baird. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

FOR this novel, flawless in its way, one would like to find the right words of praise. Restraint is the key-note of its excellence. Less delicately balanced, the story could have become sentimental. It is a book where all things are contrived to an end, the revelation of character, and all the details, chosen with a fine precision, contribute to a total effect: the full-length portrait of John. It is difficult, in a few words, to tell what John stands for—the book is written to explain just that. He is at once a creature of flesh and blood, and a way of life, a philosophy. One might say that he is an embodiment of the ideas of Lao-Tze, of whom, no doubt, he never heard, but whose principles he most perfectly exemplifies, living in frugality and contentment and an awareness of unity with nature and something beyond nature. "Avoid putting yourself before others, and you can become a leader among men,"—the words of Lao-Tze apply inevitably to John.

To read the book is to gain a remarkable knowledge of a man. John is simply *there*, real as someone known, living his life quietly in a queer, low, rambling house on a bluff looking over the sea, somewhere in British Columbia, content with garden and countryside, content to work with his hands. And what happens to him, slight as it is, is significant, for he has meaning and reality.

There is a lovely quietness about the book, a spareness, a simplicity, a beauty in its writing that make it a joy to read.

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The Trojan Horse

(Continued from page 17)

says to the company: I've never sung this before. Cressida wrote the music the other day; Uncle Pan gave us the words:

If, in days of sullen air,
Dark with anger, dull with grief,
Merciful and unaware
There transpire, for thy relief,
Lighter mood or cleaner sky—
Look no further: it is I.

Bandaged close and held apart
Are thy mortal wounds that bleed,
Yet some subtle healer's art
Touches on thy secret need:
What physician, then, to bless?
I it was, eased thy distress.

Beauty never guessed before
Universal to the gaze:
Laughter copious to restore
All the waste of barren days:
Cistern water turned to wine—
Yea, these miracles are mine.

Under Zeus' immortal nod
I am passion undefiled:
I, the child that is a god
And the god that is a child.
Canst thou not identify
Thy magician? It is I.

Troilus, who has scarcely listened to what was said, is taken unprepared. At first it is the joy of looking: she cannot disturb him by returning it. The skill of fingers taking melody from the tall harp is one of earth's prettiest sights: such seeming mixture of chance and choice: deliberated and sure, yet also a sweet deception of apparent luck, of easy concord unprepared. Ripple, tremble and float: it releases tones as softly as a tree sheds autumn leaves. And O beauty of the hand that plucks and pauses; curls, beckons, then clasps and welcomes the shy music, child invisible, embraced between strong arms. Invitation surely, such teasing flickering gesture, summons and sweetness on the imagined breast. Then the full-grown strings, farthest away, reached for and struck, deep-rumbling or plangent, drill strangely on the twinges of delight. Above curious looking comes the listener's lust: a fresh clear little voice, Antigone's, and a tingling naïveté of timbre; as though the dainty cadence were just sound without meaning. But meaning keeps chasing slippery sight and sound; and he is astonished to find: the meaning is his own. These are his private words, whisper of past vigil, anger or folly in a forgiving dark; now they return, confident with music and bringing her with them. Meagre little verses that pretended bravado: now they sound strong: and riding on the very grace and instinct of her hands: the words become hers as much as his. All this he feels between chord and chord; it has no speech; no outward sign.

There's a babble of pleasure. Really, that was enchanting . . . . Why Pan, I had no idea . . . . You ought to publish it . . . . A very sweet voice, dear . . . . a delightful treat . . . . We ought to have a benefit recital for the Red Cross . . . . Wouldn't you do an encore . . . . What do you call it?

A Song for Eros, says Cressida. I'm afraid I'm terribly out of practice.

Troilus seems to be analyzing the stitch of the knitting in his mother's broad lap.

Well Ma, says Priam, I think we better get along. (Troilus rouses her gently from her deep-heaving nap. Pull up the puff, Mother, he murmurs.) Priam thinks they better leave the young folks to their parlor games, he has some papers to go over.

Hecuba revives without a struggle. Did I snore? Yes Pa, and I've got to get out some camphor balls tonight, I found a moth in your underwear.

Why bother, says Cassandra. The whole town will be in mothballs soon enough.

Pandarus, anxious to avoid any unpleasantness, intervenes quickly. I'm sorry you're going; we thought it would be fun to play charades, or a scavenger hunt, or adverbs; something we can all join in.

Cassandra, dreamily, as though not quite aware of what she is saying:—

Yea, parlor sports, charades and scavengers!
In the world's ruins, scavenging indeed.
What price charades against a coming storm?
The gods throw loaded dice, and play to win;
Troy falls, and with it aristocracy,
And civilization, that best parlor game,
Dumb cramboes to its end . . . .

PRIAM—Cassandra! Please! No vaticination!

HECTOR—Take it from her, Troy's going to make a regular habit of falling.

HECUBA — Really, I don't know what gets into the children. Cassie, come out of it! If you feel one of your spells coming on, try to control. Not at a social party, please. — We've had a lovely time, Lord Pandarus.

Cassandra comes out of it; and now the old people have left, there's a fresh round of drinks and argument what will most amuse. It's no use playing guessing games with Cassie, Aeneas says; she knows all the answers beforehand. — We can play sardines all right, says Deiphobus (with his eye on Antigone), if we make Cassie *It*. — Certainly, says Helen (who likes the game also), it won't matter even if she does go clairvoyant, because *we* have to hunt for *her*. So the rules are expounded: all lights out: Cassie allowed two minutes to hide: all the others to try to find her in the dark.

All look speculatively round Pandarus's extensive chambers, privately noting likely places where they think she may conceal.

Please be careful groping round, Pandarus appeals; don't break the furniture.

Especially Uncle Pan's monocle, says Cressida.

And don't fall into the fountain, someone says.

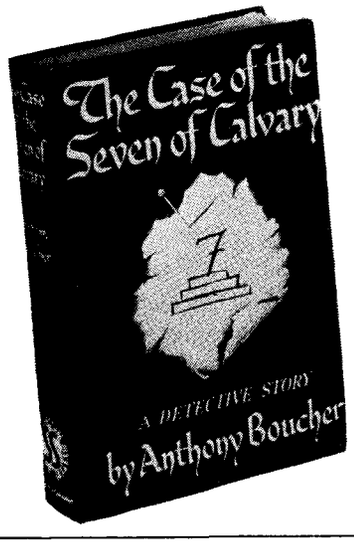
All except Cassandra leave the room, to give her a chance to hide. In this movement Cassandra whispers to Troilus: I can tell you where she's going to look.

(To be continued)

Just published!

THE CASE OF THE SEVEN OF CALVARY

By Anthony Boucher



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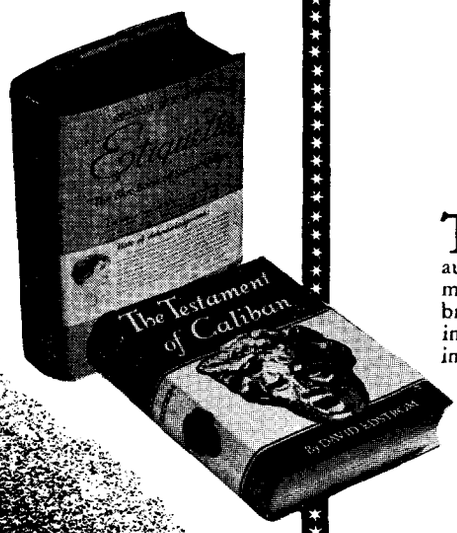

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The University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Reflections on Us

THE SAVAGE HITS BACK. By Julius Lips. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by HAROLD COURLANDER

MUCH research has been devoted to analyzing and classifying the traits and beliefs of the "primitive" societies, but relatively little has been said about what the colored observer down below thinks of the white man up above. The Caucasian goes upon the assumption that he knows what he himself really is, although actually he only knows what he is to himself; generally speaking, he is quite ignorant of what he is to those who look at him with fresh, unconditioned eyes. Julius Lips's "The Savage Hits Back" is not the account of an imminent physical resistance of the so-called primitive peoples against white aggression, as its title perhaps suggests, but a recognition of their keen ability to observe the conquerors at their strongest and at their weakest. Among these peoples are artists who, though they use a technique we would not understand as "realism," are cleanly aware of what they see when a white man confronts them. It is in this reality of observation that the threat to the West lies.

The savage gave way in the beginning, but that was before he knew the white man. The man of the West is now understood. Artists portray him honestly, sometimes in caricature, sometimes in portrait, sometimes somewhat in the abstract; and in the honesty of the conception there exist humor, amusement, and sarcasm. This, then, is the threat: The aborgines are "on to him." No longer are the blond races gods. Sooner or later they must stand or fall on their own merits, and all the Nordic bluster in the world will not save the day. The fine bronzecastings of the Bini of Nigeria, the woodcarvings of the Congo tribes, the wood and slate-carvings of the Eskimo, all of them record the fall of the white man from his citadel of supposed strength and virtue. The first fear, the first recoil from the conqueror, is over.

Such opinions as Dr. Lips sets forth in this book were virtual treason in the Nazi Germany in which he found himself in 1933, when Hitler came into power. Anthropology, especially ethnology, became confusingly tied up with and subsidiary to Nazi doctrine. It became the duty of ethnologists to demonstrate the inexorable superiority of the "Aryan." Science became a movement within the new mystical war upon what we were coming to think of as civilization. Professor Lips could not accept any such phantasmagoric premise as Nazism demanded, with the result that he lost his directorship of the Cologne Rautenstrauch-Joest Museum, was barred from public libraries, and finally forced to flee Germany for bodily safety.

Of the "savage" peoples who inspired his book Professor Lips says, like Gauguin: "Above all they have taught me to understand myself better: I have heard from them nothing but the most profound truth." And that is a great deal in a world which is on the verge of a Gargantuan, Alice-in-Wonderland kind of cataclysm.

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New Weapons, New Defenses

IF WAR COMES. By R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THAT a description of the modern techniques of warfare should be of timely interest to the civilian reader is one of the many disheartening commentaries upon the contemporary scene. With bombs bursting in air over Shanghai and Madrid and with ships being searched by blockaders and sunk by pirates, many of the analyses and predictions of this book are already being translated into the headlines of the daily newspaper. It is the purpose of these two American officers—Major Dupuy, of the Infantry, and Major Eliot, formerly of the Military Intelligence Reserve—to answer the omnipresent question as to what will happen "if war comes," in terms of two basic problems: the nature of weapons available and their application in specific circumstances. Eschewing any digression into the political and economic motivations of conflict, they confine their study to military, naval, and aerial issues, many of them highly controversial. The result is a volume which combines technical knowledge with a forthright style, bulwarked with carefully compiled statistics and sketch maps.

Although the scientific discoveries and developments of recent years have expanded the scope of war, the authors assert, they have in no way invalidated its fundamental principles. New weapons create new defenses, while the rules of strategy remain unchanged.

The second question—the application of these weapons—is answered in terms of the most probable wars in Europe and the Far East. The predominant seapower of Great Britain and France assures victory over Germany and Italy, unless Spain and the Balearic Isles fall permanently into fascist hands. The Berlin-Rome axis, however, can achieve military hegemony in Central Europe and offer Germany a crushing defeat of Czechoslovakia. Faced with foes on two distant fronts, the Soviet Union is preparing defense by vigorous aerial attack, rather than by the more cautious policies advocated by the ill-fated Marshal Tukhachevsky. Pursuing its conquest of China, the Japanese Government seems destined to succeed as long as it does not too greatly antagonize the other powers.

In discussing the United States, Majors Dupuy and Eliot make perhaps their most useful contribution, for they believe (unlike many of their colleagues) that the army and navy are adequate for defense of continental America. The Philippines constitute our Achilles heel, requiring political decision about our ultimate policy: fortification or withdrawal. By thus eliminating the exaggerations so common to such works, the authors have provided statesman and citizen with a sober discussion of technical issues, useful for either war or peace, because political questions, such as neutrality and collective security, are being debated increasingly in terms of tanks and torpedoes.

FROM THE
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By Gene Fowler

The author of TIMBER LINE and THE GREAT MOUTHPIECE has written a tumultuous, uproarious novel about Captain Trolley, firebrand newspaper editor, and a Rocky Mountain city. (To be published Wednesday, October 13). $2.50.

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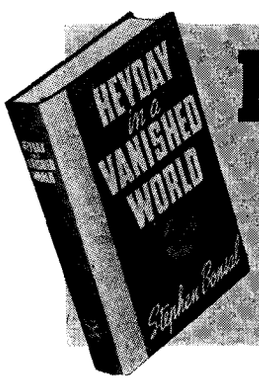

HEYDAY *in a* VANISHED WORLD

"BALANCE and understanding are the two qualities most demanded of a biographer of Hart Crane. Philip Horton exhibits these qualities beyond one's most sanguine expectations in his full length narrative of the torments and achievements of the 'roaring boy.' None of Crane's friends understood him so well as his biographer has," says Gorham Munson in *The Saturday Review*. And here is what Crane's friends say of Horton's book: "I can think of no other poet who has been so fortunate in his first biographer. With great skill Mr. Horton has told the entire story . . . I doubt it will ever be told better."—Allen Tate in *Poetry*. "A masterpiece . . . comprehensive . . . illuminating . . . admirable."—Malcolm Cowley in *The New Republic*. "An admirable and very moving biography."—Conrad Aiken in *The Atlantic Monthly*. $3.00

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Reviewing Reviews

IT is not in the province of this column to scrutinize jacket blurbs, because what the publishers say about their own books doesn't come under the head of reviewing. Nevertheless reviewers frequently consider it their function to review not only the book but the jacket as well. So we place in evidence the legend which appears on the wrapper of "The Citadel," by A. J. Cronin:

"A Great Novel about a Doctor
by a Doctor Who Is a Great Novelist."

Now if we know anything about blurbs, the foregoing quotation was probably turned out with as much pains and circumspection as if the publishers had been drafting a peace treaty or writing a sonnet, and they were undoubtedly pleased with the phraseology as finally arrived at. It did not, however, please Clifton Fadiman, whose review in *The New Yorker* was largely devoted to demonstrating that "The Citadel" might be a good book, but could not by any stretch of the definition be considered a great book. "I am not trying to belittle his book, which is honest, indignant, energetic, and interesting. I am only trying to suggest that it falls short of the greatness Dr. Cronin's admirers claim for him, precisely because, as we read it, we can predict the next chapter. It contains the exact 'sensational' disclosures that we would expect of such an exposé novel. . . . Its arraignment of the state of British medicine no doubt has its application here. 'The Citadel' is the kind of book that may do a lot of good, like 'The Jungle.' It simply doesn't happen to be the 'great novel' its publishers claim it to be."

We are mildly surprised to see Mr. Fadiman getting into this argument; he used to be a publisher himself, and he ought to know that it is any publisher's time-honored prerogative to call any of his books great. But let's get on with this.

Though most of the reviewers (the *Philadelphia Ledger* conspicuously excepted) fail to echo "great," they seem to agree on "good." Mary Ross in *The New York Herald-Tribune Books* calls "The Citadel" "spacious and human, exciting and provocative of thought." *Time:* "a brilliantly bitter attack by a man in dead earnest." . . . Isabel Paterson in the *Herald-Tribune* (daily) calls it "an excellent and absorbing story; and Dr. Cronin's own conclusions and moral are slipped in so neatly at the end, they are not felt as a drag." "A novel that holds the interest from beginning to end," says Harry Hansen in the *N. Y. World-Telegram;* "it lacks the power and intensity of 'Hatter's Castle,' but is a great improvement on 'The Stars Look Down.'" On a lower plane of enthusiasm Ralph Thompson in *The N. Y. Times* writes: "Dr. Cronin can tell a story; he always could. He does not bother to be original or clever or profound. . . . It is pleasing reading even if it is not, as the publishers earnestly assure us, great writing." The *Times Book Review* prints "honest but ineffectual fiction" as its pay-off line, after comparing "The Citadel" unfavorably—as a few other reviewers did—with "Arrowsmith."

We haven't space for excerpts from the out-of-N. Y. reviews, which are nearly all very favorable; we want to record the

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judgment of the medical fraternity. " 'The Citadel' makes interesting reading," says the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* "but it is not a fair picture of medicine in either Great Britain or the United States. Medicine has its scoundrels, its commercially minded practitioners, its inefficient and incompetent members. Is there any phase of human activity that does not have them? But medicine is proud of the fact that it cleans its own house and that it does its utmost to control these abuses without pressure from the outside. Its idealists are particularly proud of the fact that, unlike the cuckoo, they do not soil their own nests." On the other hand, Hans Zinsser, M.D., of the Harvard medical faculty, and author of "Rats, Lice and History," writes in *The Atlantic Monthly:* "No one could have written as fine, honest and moving a study of a young doctor as 'The Citadel' without possessing great literary taste and skill and, at the same time, an almost scientific conscientiousness in regard to accuracy of observation. . . . One of the striking characteristics of Mr. Cronin's story is its power to arouse thought as though from actual observation. . . . If these are the signs by which one can recognize a great [*sic*] novel—then Mr. Cronin has written one."

Which brings us to where we started. Our readers have the floor.

Aristocrat in Exile

LOST HERITAGE. By Bruno Frank. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. FRANK'S book is the latest of those eloquent novels to come to us from Germany's expatriate writers. If it is not equal to the best of them, that is owing chiefly to Frank's choice of a central figure. Prince Ludwig of Saxe-Camburg is a gentle and noble youth, product of a fine culture, reared in an atmosphere of courtesy and grace, music, the worship of numismatics. All of this is swept away when the Nazis come to power, and it is this lost heritage of nobility to which the title refers. Now in any broad consideration of the plight of the German people, the lost privileges of the titular nobility, even so incredibly fine and democratic a nobility as that represented by Ludwig, must seem of relatively minor significance. In comparison, for example, with Remarque's account of what Nazi Germany has done to common men whose lives were built upon freedom and comradeship, this account of what it does to one who was accustomed to privilege must suffer.

There are other losses, described by Frank himself, that will appear more tragic to the reader: the loss of livelihood and freedom by liberal scholars, the loss of life and liberty by the Jews, and the loss of their Germany by those workers and artists who were silenced in concentration camps. Frank's novel is thoroughly detailed on these matters, and the presence of such authentic documents as the Potempa telegram, which must startle anyone who has not yet seen it, makes up in great part for the space and force used in pursuing the trials of Prince Ludwig.

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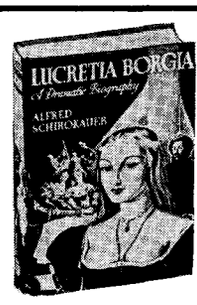

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Authors of the Week

Sigrid Undset

Fröken Undset, the Norwegian novelist, is internationally famous and a recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature. She was born in Denmark in 1882, her mother being a Dane. Her father was a noted archeologist, and taught in the University at Christiania (now Oslo). Sigrid, the eldest of his three daughters, assisted her father in research work before she was eleven years old. After graduating from a commercial college she was for some years employed as a secretary and secretly wrote fiction. While she was thus employed, her first novel appeared: "Fru Marta Oulie," 1907. The author became a convert to the Catholic faith in 1924. She has four children, and her marriage was annulled in 1925. Living at Dillehammer in a house centuries old, she affects the costume of the Viking Middle Ages. She has specialized in scholastic philosophy and made a study of Saint Thomas Aquinas.

"The Faithful Wife," by Sigrid Undset, is reviewed on page 6.

Eugene Lyons

Eugene Lyons is now forty and was born and brought up on the East Side. His journalism began on the *Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.* He was one of the group who fought to save Sacco and Vanzetti. In the nineteen twenties he worked for *Tass,* the bureau which sends American news to Soviet Russia. His United Press assignment to Moscow began in 1928, and he held the post for the following six years. He was the first correspondent to secure an interview with Stalin, and got the first press interview with Riza Pahlevi, the self-made Shah of Persia. He has traveled widely in Europe and he has written and lectured over here on foreign affairs. The whole story of Mr. Lyons's recall from Moscow has never before been told, but it is on page 591 of "Assignment in Utopia." Among recent journalists who have made full confession of their experiences, Lyons possesses both power of graphic writing and honesty of purpose. Readers of *The Saturday Review* will recall several book reviews which Mr. Lyons has contributed to these columns, and particularly his leading article, "Why Foreign Correspondents Go Home," which appeared in August.

"Assignment in Utopia," by Eugene Lyons, is reviewed on page 11.

David Pilgrim

"David Pilgrim" is a *nom de plume.* The bearer is said to be a writer of distinction, who has achieved great sales in England in his previous incarnation. He lives on the Continent and spent years of research in Europe for his present work, which is in the nature of an experiment, for he believed he could achieve a best-seller without reliance upon his real name or recourse, on the other hand, to any kind of sensationalism. He has sworn his publishers to absolute secrecy as to his identity. An historical novel about Napoleon must "prove itself," but if this one does, it is possible that this Author in an Iron Mask may later emerge under his actual name.

"So Great a Man," by David Pilgrim, is reviewed on page 7.

J. B. Rhine

This author is a Pennsylvanian by birth (1895), his father being a school teacher, merchant, and farmer. While in high-school he worked through the summers, either at physical labor or as a salesman. He worked his way through college. He joined the Marines at the outbreak of the late Great War and was honorably discharged with the rank of sergeant. In 1920 he married, and both he and his wife have graduate degrees of M.S. and Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in the Department of Botany. For two years the author taught plant physiology at West Virginia University. He resigned to study psychology at Harvard for a year. Then he followed Professor William McDougall to Duke University, where he has remained for ten years. He is proud of the fact that his wife still takes an active part in his present research and that, from small beginnings, the department at Duke University has now grown to such an extent that it can boast a twelve-room laboratory, two full-time staff members, and four graduate students working part time; two secretaries, a dictaphone, and a waste-basket to help handle the correspondence! He gives credit for this to the sponsorship of Professor McDougall and the interest of the Duke Administration.

"New Frontiers of the Mind, by J. B. Rhine," is reviewed on page 5.

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What! Again?

OF ALL PLACES! By Patience, Richard, Johnny Abbe. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

JUMPING through a hoop once may cause surprise and pleasure. Jumping through a hoop twice, especially the same hoop, causes people to say inevitably, "What! Again?"

"Of All Places!" is an account of the further wanderings of the Abbe children —I, Patience, and Richard and Johnny. Instead of exploring Europe as they did in "Around the World in Eleven Years," they discover America, and describe life in Hollywood (of all places) at some length. The family has become more prosperous. Papa has left for the war in Spain. Mamma, lured by movie gold, takes the children to Hollywood. They meet the great and near-great of the moving picture world. They describe lavish swimming pools, and bathtubs, and what the stars eat and wear, a little in the style of the movie magazines. Patience reports which ladies have dyed hair and false teeth, seemingly a constant preoccupation with her. They love their new friends enormously or hate them violently, the love and hate depending somewhat on whether they were allowed to jump in their living rooms.

In spite of such adventures as going to Shirley Temple's birthday party, meeting Ginger Rogers, and visiting Mr. Hearst, the Hollywood trip was a fiasco. The moving picture people lost their enthusiasm and decided not to have the Abbes make "High Wind in Jamaica" after all. Bitterness crept in and there were quarrels and heart burnings. In spite of Mamma's loud protestations that she wouldn't peddle the children around, something of the sort seemed to happen. Still no contract.

There are flashes of the first book in this, notably the description of a cross country bus trip and things like "Canada, which is a quiet country with Ford cars," and "Hollywood seems to be the only place in the world we have ever heard of where a human being can go to work almost the minute it is born." But there is more confusion and repetition and the quaintness of language has gone. What was once naive and artless has become conscious and artful. The book is profusely illustrated with pictures of crowds and crowds of movie stars and Abbes. There seems to be some pushing and shoving to get in the front row, but even in competition with such experts as Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and Our Gang, Patience manages to arrive.

A publisher's note says, "it was inevitable that the Abbes should go to Hollywood, just as it is inevitable that they will go to China—just, in fact as it is inevitable that they will go everywhere." Perhaps China will be a better subject. But does this mean a series like the Frank books? Patience, Richard, and Johnny on a Gunboat?

Rosemary Benét is the wife of the poet and novelist Stephen Vincent Benét and collaborated with him in a book of poems intended primarily for children entitled "A Book of Americans."

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

COMMON SENSE ABOUT THE DRAMA. By L. A. G. Strong. Knopf. 1937. $1.50.

Mr. L. A. G. Strong is notably versatile, even among a group of British writers notorious for versatility. He has written poems and articles, short stories and long stories, and he has acted as critic, making appreciation easy for those who might find it hard. He is the author of "Common Sense About Poetry" and has been an amateur actor; he knows that it is important for the stage butler to pour the wine to cue, and that the butler has to look sharp some nights. It will thus be seen that he is well designed to explain the drama.

His "common sense" about the drama begins with a slightly mystical discussion of the soul and the body, explaining that "the body and its actions are a representation, or *dramatization,* of the soul upon the three-dimensional stage." He discusses space and time in the theater and devotes a couple of chapters to dreams, which prove that every man is a dramatist. Throughout he displays, as he communes with himself on these matters, a fine amateur enthusiasm, and one is left with the feeling that he enjoyed every word he wrote.

It is perhaps true that he adds nothing of moment to the criticism of the drama; it is certainly true that the layman, for whom Mr. Strong, on the word of his publishers, is writing, is going to be pretty badly confused now and then and is apt to get the notion that the theater is a little mystical for forthright men. The layman will get over that when he sees a play, of course, if Mr. Strong doesn't scare him off.

R. L.

ACADEMIC PROCESSION. By James Reid Parker. Harcourt, Brace. 1937. $2.

It is tedious to point out once again that short pieces which make gay reading in a magazine often seem too thin a trickle when collected into the more permanent format of a book, but it seems necessary in this case because, contrary to the usual rule, Mr. Parker's cracks at The Life Academic (already familiar to readers of *The New Yorker*) seem just as good now as they did then.

Within the college world Mr. Parker has chosen to exercise his talents on the even smaller world compact of trustees, president, heads of departments, associate professors, chaplain, press agent, and so on, a world in which the presence of students would seem an unwarrantable intrusion. He has done something which has not been done before in precisely this way, and he has done it with a straight face. Within these narrow limits he has been magnificently successful in showing some of the ponderous, foolish, and sterile aspects of academic circles. Where Mr. Parker is most successful is in his descriptions of minor situations which remain unresolved, the sort of situation which arises in every college; notably in "We of the Physics Department," in which a professor tries to get his salary raised, and in "Faculty Marshal," a superb account of the formation of an academic procession.

But when he scratches below the surface and forces the issue, when he does not leave his moral to be inferred, Mr. Parker is less happy, as in "The Agenda," "A Credit to the College," and "By Faculty Action." While it dwells on a silly side of it, this is no indictment of American education, and such little strictures do not belong here. If this were all the truth, the walls of the Harvard Yard would long ago have crumbled. Still, if Mr. Parker's college isn't quite true, there is so much truth in it that it is to be hoped that trustees, presidents, professors, associate professors, assistant professors, instructors, and fellows will read it to a man.

C. H. M.

Fiction

NO HEARTS TO BREAK. By Susan Ertz. Appleton-Century. 1937. $2.50.

Miss Ertz is an experienced hand at romantic fiction. Long practice has given her a deft, supple, easily flowing style and has taught her how to use her talent for building up a tale that never sins on the side of tediousness. Her merits are all displayed to advantage in this new novel, but her usually fecund imagination is somewhat uncomfortable in the chains of history. She has chosen to present the story of Elizabeth Patterson, the ambitious Baltimore belle who married Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome Bonaparte. The facts are not very attractive; Elizabeth was a headstrong, opinionated, selfish, grasping young woman, determined to make her way in the fashionable world; Jerome was a fatuous incompetent, ready for gayety but quite incapable of loyalty or responsibility. The marriage cracked on the rock of Napoleon's will, and Elizabeth was left to pursue her social career, in spite of quite warrantable family objections, with no other asset than a tarnished past. That she succeeded in winning favor with a post-Empire Europe, that she built up a fortune out of her painful economies, that she finally persuaded a Second Empire to admit her son's legitimacy—all this is doubtless very creditable to her industry and perseverance, but it certainly does not make her any more charming. She was just about as hard and as sharp as a granite *aiguille.*

Here her story is done ample justice. Miss Ertz has not only adhered faithfully

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to history, but she has done her eloquent best for Elizabeth. Unfortunately Elizabeth is an uncompromising heroine, and her interpreter is too human to be taken in by so much unbending egoism. She is like a lawyer defending a bad case; all her skill is poured into the argument, but her sympathies are quite obviously on the other side. Between the lines Miss Ertz's heart is plainly visible. Elizabeth's and Jerome's, as the title so accurately has it, did not exist.

C. D. A.

AT LAST THE ISLAND. By Margaret Lane. Harpers. 1937. $2.50.

Escape to an island, far from the cares of modern metropolitan life, is one of the dearest symbols of the present-day novelist. A novelist himself, Russell Murray when financially involved naturally hits upon an actual escape of this sort, and determines to remove his family from London to the Iles d'Or, off Hyères in the south of France. His wife, formerly his housekeeper, is likewise searching in her way for an escape: following the death of her son her great consolation comes from séances with a medium. Cornelia Paule, who flees with them, seeks to avoid facing what she considers an unfortunate love for a married man. The greater part of Miss Lane's story is devoted to the permutations of this trio in the period before they leave London. These episodes often depend on a purely British scale of snobbish values and are a trifle bloodless, though the author has characterized the *gourmet* Murray and his household well, making the most of the satire inherent in the situation when their departure is delayed by bailiffs as the result of an unpaid wine bill. Better is the wholly convincing description of the séance by which Mrs. Murray is comforted even as Cornelia is seeing through the medium's crude tricks. It is to be regretted that Miss Lane, who can write very well indeed, did not pass over the conventionalities of Cornelia's love affair in order to make more of the island climax, which seems hastily and unbelievably stuffed into the end of a book considerably above the average in intelligence and discernment of character, but lacking during most of its length in dramatic values. Miss Lane should, however, have some sort of prize for writing a British novel with an American heroine who is clearly and unexaggeratedly just what she is supposed to be.

T. P., JR.

International

WHEN CHINA UNITES. By Harry Gannes. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Gannes's book tempts a reviewer to discourse at length on the difference between the liberal and the totalitarian mind. Your democratic liberal lives in an atmosphere of doubts and good intentions. He admits he may be wrong, and others right. Not so his communist counterpart. He *knows* the root causes of human conduct and the end results of great political movements. Those who don't agree with him are blackguards; those who do are heroes. In China, the imperialist powers and their willing tools among the Chinese bourgeoisie execute nefarious maneuvers,

(*Continued on next page*)

"A challenging book."—DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

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In his preface to this extraordinary autobiography of a Welsh miner and politician David Lloyd George writes: "It is a remarkable story he has to tell . . . Completely and disarmingly frank; obviously truthful . . . He gives the facts with a photographic vividness of description that is akin to genius. He brings you with him into the slums of Merthyr Tydfil, the cramped workings of the coal mines, to chapel, theatre, barracks and battlefield, to conclaves of hot Communists. With your own eyes and ears you can see and hear these people moving and talking as if in real life." $3.00

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With a preface by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

This unusual and practical book presents in dictionary form the main elements in the English language, both spoken and written. Spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, and idiom have their places in the scheme of what is intended to be a dictionary of grammar and usage. The definitions and rules are presented in their simplest and most concise terms. The book has been adapted throughout to conform with American usage and idiom, and Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, eminent authority in this field, contributes a short preface. $1.50

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

gloat arrogantly over their demagogic triumphs, and are furiously enraged at their defeats. But the communists, ever solicitous of the people's welfare, strive steadfastly for national salvation under glorious leadership—dimmed but slightly by the treacherous deviations of left-wing renegades from the party line.

Now this sort of thing, though no doubt satisfactory as a communist bible for members of The Faith, is poor stuff indeed for the critical reader. It is a pity that Mr. Gannes has had to ruin by sheer overstatement what is intrinsically a good case. He could scarcely have chosen a better field for his strictures against capitalist imperialism. The basic facts in the situation are outlined in his book, which begins with the opium wars and the Taiping rebellion, follows the anti-imperialist thread through the long travail of Chinese revolutions, and points out the shifting yet fundamentally constant attitudes of the capitalist powers while Japan displaced the Western nations as China's arch-enemy. But the treatment can only be termed sketchy, and there is no new material regarding the policy of the Chinese communists or their activities.

D. H. P.

Travel

FREE LANCE. By E. Alexander Powell. Harcourt, Brace. 1937. $3.

If anyone is to make Roy Chapman Andrews eat the words, "Adventure is a sign of incompetence," that man is Colonel Powell, for in his twenty years of adventure he has competently achieved about all he desired. He has met the great rulers of the earth, Mussolini, Hitler, Masaryk, the Pope, Haile Selassie, the last Sultan of Turkey (who fainted in his arms), Feisal, King Zog of Albania, half a hundred others, and found en route to them adventures aplenty. He has traveled the world by every conveyance known, including the China Clipper and a camel with halitosis. In the East Indies he made movies for Goldwyn. He crossed Africa along Stanley's trail and through the country of the sinister Leopard Men, where even the friendly Masais, who spit upon you to show their affection, live mostly on fresh-drawn blood. He was captured by Arabs. He has seen about everything, in fact, except the corpse of the Crown Prince of Siam when it exploded, shortly after he left.

This five-hundred page volume is a compilation of abridgments and abstracts, joined none too neatly from Colonel Powell's many previous books. He is an agile author, not always trustworthy regarding native lore, but invariably impressive. He didn't miss much of anything.

H. D.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1937.

State of New York
County of New York
ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Bernard DeVoto, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George Stevens, 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; William Rose Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Christopher Morley, 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1937. Sara Gross, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 454, Reg. No. 8G584. Commission Expires March 30, 1938.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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TOM, Where are you building them now—north, south or west of Boston? E

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Double-Crostics: No. 185

By ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

							1-P	2-Y	3-E		4-T	5-Z	6-V	7-G	8-R	
9-O	10-C	11-I		12-V	13-A	14-B		15-P	16-N	17-K	18-G	19-L	20-V	21-Z	22-F	
23-N	24-E	25-P	26-T	27-S		28-I	29-R	30-G		31-J	32-B	33-R	34-Q	35-V		36-P
37-I	38-F	39-J	40-Q	41-D		42-R	43-T	44-Y		45-A	46-N		47-B	48-S	49-Q	
50-O	51-F	52-X	53-Q	54-L	55-Z	56-U		57-D	58-I	59-J	60-S		61-N	62-E	63-Q	64-H
65-X	66-J		67-C	68-E	69-P	70-H	71-X	72-K	73-O	74-G	75-Q	76-S		77-Q	78-F	
79-D	80-B	81-A		82-A	83-R	84-A	85-W		86-H	87-K	88-N	89-T	90-V		91-O	92-M
	93-U	94-J	95-K		96-T	97-F		98-P	99-X	100-Z	101-N	102-W	103-L	104-B	105-Q	106-E
107-O		108-E	109-D	110-U	111-H		112-X	113-H	114-M	115-U	116-E		117-Z	118-X	119-I	120-H
121-Y	122-Q	123-C	124-G	125-A		126-C	127-J	128-W		129-N	130-Z	131-Y	132-U	133-Q	134-S	135-C
136-K	137-W		138-B	139-G	140-I	141-J	142-D		143-W	144-M		145-K	146-A	147-R	148-M	
149-J	150-D	151-A	152-M		153-V	154-U	155-Z	156-M	157-W	158-Y		159-C	160-A	161-I	162-R	
163-Y	164-E	165-D		166-P	167-O	168-I	169-H	170-Q	171-W	172-L		173-N	174-S	175-B	176-H	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 30 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Frugal.

B. Skulks about.

C. Instill, as qualities.

D. Progress intelligently planned and directed.

E. Sacred Scriptures (2 words).

F. Crazy (colloq.).

G. Fail to follow suit.

H. Spiritlike.

I. Drama by Sophocles.

J. Famous whaling story.

K. One's scope.

L. Rent.

M. Babylon deity of civilization.

N. Assert again.

O. Mohammedan infidel.

P. Survive.

Q. Persons of little account.

R. English metaphysical poet (1622-1695).

S. A hero of Troy.

T. Russian novelist (1868-1936).

U. Begone.

V. First-rate (slang, comp.).

W. Avenger of Agamemnon's death.

X. Lower in position.

Y. Melodious.

Z. Plunderer.

WORDS

125 160 146 13 151 82 45 84 81

104 32 47 175 80 14 138

123 135 126 159 67 10

79 150 57 165 142 109 41

164 68 24 116 108 3 62 106

38 51 97 78 22

18 124 7 30 74 139

176 64 111 70 86 113 120 169

37 11 28 58 168 161 119 140

141 127 149 31 66 39 94 59

136 72 95 145 87 17

172 19 103 54

144 114 92 152 148 156

129 16 23 101 46 88 173 61

50 91 107 167 73 9

1 98 15 36 25 69 166

75 77 34 40 63 53 170 122 105 49 133

147 42 33 8 29 83 162

134 60 48 27 174 76

89 96 43 26 4

154 115 93 132 56 110

20 12 90 35 6 153

102 128 157 171 143 85 137

99 118 52 112 65 71

158 2 121 131 44 163

155 117 5 100 21 130 55

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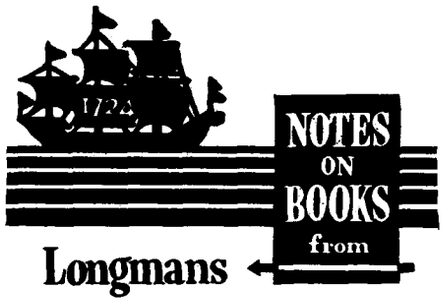
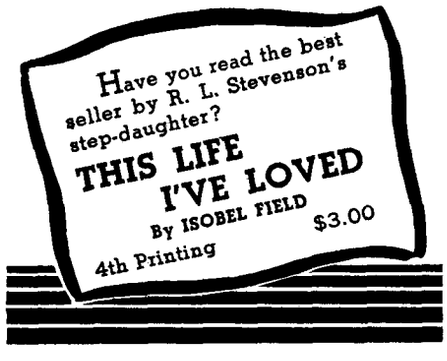


✱Carl Fallas, whose "The Wooden Pillow" became so popular in this country, has written a significant new novel of the English countryside called **DOWN THE PROUD STREAM.** It is the story of a young man who sought the answer to life amid rural surroundings—and how a simple country lass provided the answer he needed. "Honest . . . authentic . . . its subject is timeless and of fresh interest to every new generation."—N. Y. Times $2.50

✱Hemingway may have hair on his chest but when C. John McCole gets through with him and his fellows, i.e., Dreiser, Anderson, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Farrell, Wolfe, Saroyan; etc., noticeable patches of epidermis are missing. For further details consult **LUCIFER AT LARGE,** which throws a denuding light on our men of letters. $3.00

✱**INSPIRED AMATEURS** is the intriguing title of a new and highly original kind of biography that shows what can be done with an erstwhile hobby. Among the amateurs whom the author Kevin Guinagh, discusses are Priestley, Thompson, Fabre, Spinoza, and others. $2.00

✱Described by The New Yorker as "a frontal attack on what Dr. Adler conceives to be the undue pretensions of modern psychology, and, indeed, of science in general," **WHAT MAN HAS MADE OF MAN** by Mortimer J. Adler has an introduction by Dr. Franz Alexander that is unique. Dr. Alexander disagrees with Dr. Adler in every particular, and says so! So you get both sides for your money! $3.50



Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE humorous and appropriate old prints on the cover of this issue were obtained from the Bettmann Archive, New York City, that remarkable honeycomb of rich historic material. Dr. Otto Bettmann and his associate Lawrence Bennett have scoured the world for their file of pictorial reproductions which illustrate every phase of social and cultural record. They can prove to you, for instance, by ancient prints, that Air Conditioning was known in 1663, Blood Transfusion in 1689, Trailers in 300 A.D., and Quintuplets in 1719. If you had a notion that anything is new, the Bettmann Archive can set you right, at 145 West 44 Street. A partial index of available subjects lists over 200, including everything from Alchemy, Barbers, and Catastrophes to Utopianism, Vehicles, and Weakness.

☞Hope you didn't miss Elmer Davis's stunning piece in the *S. R. L.* last week on the Either-Or thinkers; the sophisters of Two-Way Stretch, Old Q. calls them. A rich example of such is Harry Elmer Barnes in his *Intellectual and Cultural History of the Western World* (Random House).

☞If a bringer of Good News is an evangelist, what do we call a bringer of Bad: misangelist? ☞Mr. Bill Hall, of Snyder & Hall, book-traders to Both Hemispheres, is back from two months in Europe, reporting constantly increasing market Over There for U.S.A. titles. His partner Harry Snyder is now in Tokyo and getting good business in spite of Army Order No. 41. ☞Felix Riesenberg, interviewed at the Columbia Club, says the best book he has read in years is *Discovery of the Earth* by George Parson, published by John W. Luce in Boston, 1929. ☞Old Q. is under no obligation to tout new books when he prefers the older.

☞One of the most interesting events of the autumn is the production (by Charles Hopkins) of Shakespeare's C. I. O. play *Coriolanus* as a W.P.A. project at the Theatre of the Four Seasons in Roslyn, L. I. (opening Oct. 9). Those who haven't read *Coriolanus,* and there are billions of them, would be astonished. ☞Speaking of theatre, the high-spirited histriosophist Crosby Gaige is about to publish *Star Chamber Revels* by André L. Simon, the learned oinophile, who has dug up the housekeeping accounts of the Elizabethan Privy Council. "Nothing could compare with them," cries Mr. Gaige, "except perhaps Blue Beard's private diary with his list of telephone numbers." This lively Collector's Item is offered by the Watch Hill Press, Peekskill, N. Y., for $5.50—and Peekskill is an appropriate name for Blue Beard. ☞The Grosvenor Library of Buffalo has printed Douglas McMurtrie's researches in Ithaca Imprints before 1850. Of great interest to all antiquarian students. McMurtrie shows that Ithaca was a center of provincial culture long before Cornell University settled there. We note, for intance, two editions of Pope's *Essay on Man* printed in Ithaca, 1837 and 1846.

☞A good job of editing and color-printing is done by the Augsburg Publishing House of Minneapolis in its *Christmas Annual,* now in its seventh year and reaching 50,000 customers. A pleasing item for the holiday counters. ☞On October 4 the staff of the Old Corner Bookstore gave a dinner at the Boston City Club in honor of Irving Jones beginning his 40th year as the spearhead of that famous phalanx of booksellers.

☞Volumes I and II of Wilmarth Lewis's edition of *Horace Walpole's Correspondence* are now ready (Yale University Press, $15). We wonder if Yale has noticed a handsome compliment paid to her in David Ogg's interesting pamphlet *New England and New College, Oxford* (Clarendon Press) which traces certain historical affinities between one of the Oxford colleges and the settlement of Massachusetts. "To our shame," confesses Mr. Ogg, "we owe the first critical edition of Bracton, the father of English jurisprudence, not to Oxford, nor to Cambridge, but to Yale." And Mr. Ogg (a fellow of New College) adds the interesting remark (astonishing indeed from a Briton) "We have to live in the United States if we wish to realize fully all the deeper implications of our own civilization." ☞Our own secret and favorite association for New College, Oxford, is that it was being built at the same time that Chaucer was writing *Troilus and Criseyde,* in the 1380's. ☞A book that sounds very attractive is *Next Door to a Poet* by Rollo Walter Brown, an intimate portrait of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson and his "somewhat cool elevation of spirit." (Appleton-Century.) Schulte's Book Store (80 Fourth Avenue) is offering interesting selections from the library of the late Paul Elmer More: rare works of philosophy, religion, and literature. But the books owned by P. E. M. which will never be sold are his carefully amassed collection of the 500 best Detective Stories. On choosing and winnowing these he spent as much fine thinking as on Hellenistic or Sanskrit lucubrations. ☞Those (they are many) who have found too few even the 185 Double Crostics we have published, will be happy to know of *Double-Crostics Series 4* by Mrs. Kingsley (Simon & Schuster, $1.35) which contains 50 literary puzzles not printed elsewhere. ☞As a preview for Christmas, it is worth record that *The Flowering of New England* is to appear (November 4) in a de luxe box and binding for the Giving Season, $5. Old Q., in his peculiar roundabout way of learning things, picked this up in a letter from Frank Rosengren, the alert bookseller of San Antonio, Texas.

☞On a recent visit to New York, Ogden Nash awarded this column the publication rights to what he says is his only poem of the last thirteen months:

There was a young belle of old Natchez
Who tore all her garments to patches.
When comment arose
On the state of her clothes,
She drawled, "When Ah itches, Ah scratches."

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A Reading Guide to the New Books

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